

NATIONAL LAMP[®] POON

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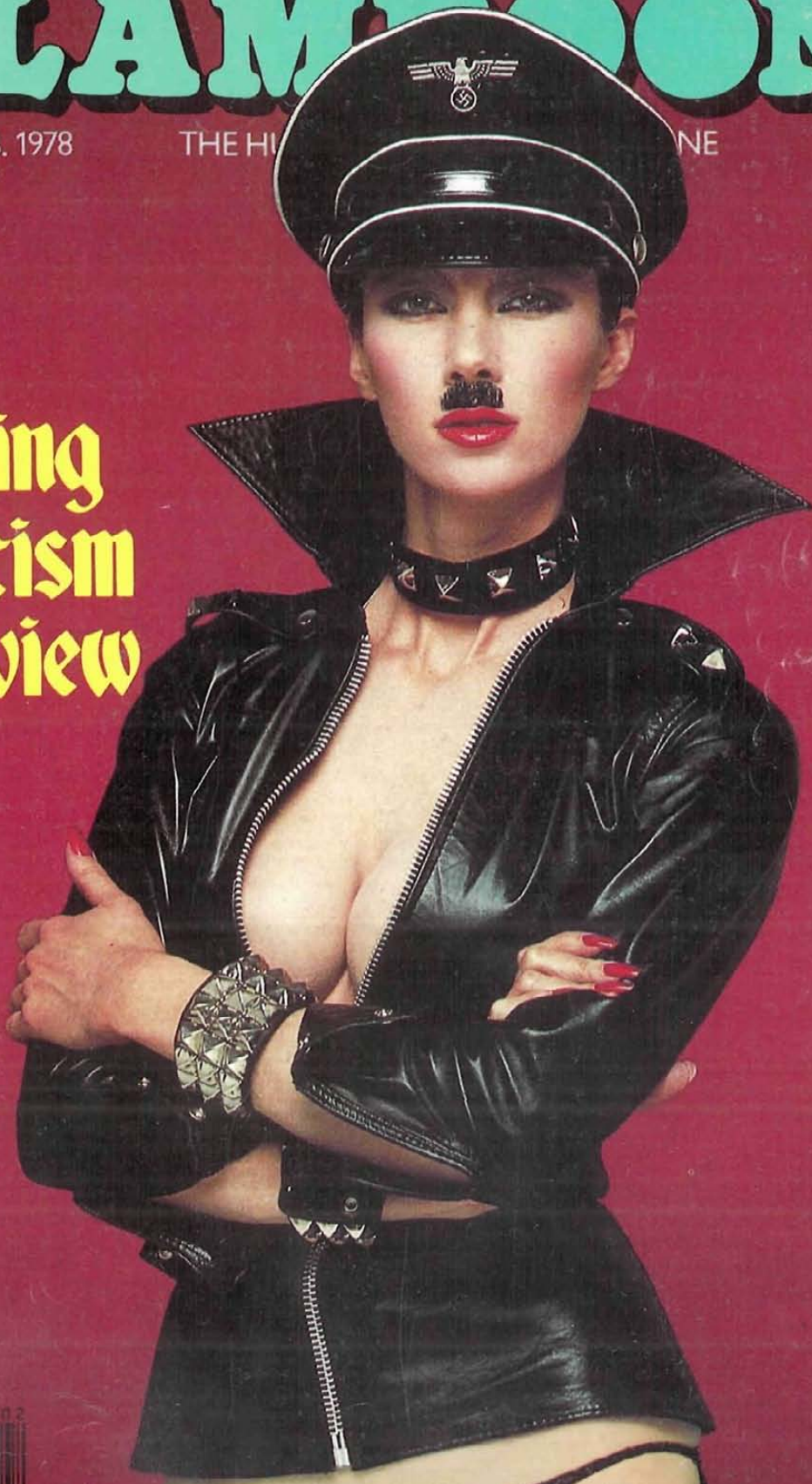
FEB. 1978

THE HI

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Spring
Fascism
Preview



**Why smoke
if you don't
enjoy it?**



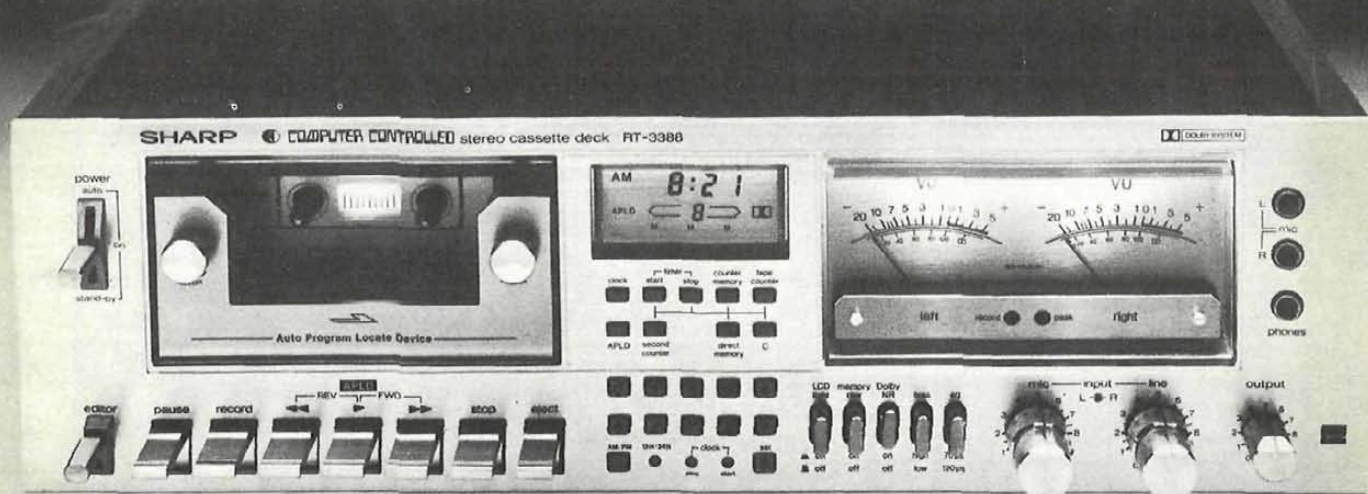
Salem's full of flavor. It's the best tasting cigarette I've smoked and I know I'm going to enjoy it every time.

Enjoy Salem Flavor.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

SHARP® INTRODUCES THE FIRST COMPUTER THAT PLAYS MUSIC.



RT-3388. THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPUTER-CONTROLLED CASSETTE DECK.

Thanks to Sharp, the age of the computer has finally caught up to the age of music.

It's all come together in the RT-3388, the first stereo cassette deck actually controlled by a micro-processor with no less than five memories. And the remarkable quantity of the functions it can perform is matched only by the quality of its sound reproduction.

First of all, the *Auto Program Locate Device*—another Sharp exclusive and just one function of the "brain"—can skip ahead, or backward, up to 19 songs on a tape. And automatically play just the one you want.

The *Counter Memory* can find a specific number on the tape counter and stop there or start playback automatically. The *Memory Rewind* can rewind to any pre-selected point on the tape automatically and play it back if desired.

You can even mark off a section of a song or speech and commit it to the machine's memory for immediate recall later by using the *Direct Memory Function*.

For pinpoint accuracy, it features *Electronic Tape Counting* as well as *Second Counting*. Which also can be used to determine how much time is left on the tape when recording.

A Liquid Crystal Display indicates what tape function is in operation, while the built-in quartz digital clock is tied into the timed-programming operations. For example, you can program the machine to turn itself on at a selected time, record a program from a radio or TV, then turn itself off.

We've even programmed the "brain" to switch to battery power in case of a power failure, thereby maintaining the correct time and keeping the memory intact.

Now if all that sounds impressive,

you can be sure we didn't waste it on a machine that didn't have an impressive sound.

So the RT-3388 also features:
 Dolby® Noise Reduction System.
 Bias and Equalization selectors for optimum performance from any kind of tape.

Editor Function.
 Ultra-hard Permalloy Recording/Playback Head.
 Friction-Damped Cassette Holder.
 Output Level Control.

Spectacular Specifications:
 Wow and flutter runs a minimal 0.06% WRMS. Frequency response covers the 30-15,000 Hz (± 3 dB) range for CrO₂ tapes. Signal-to-noise ratio of 64 dB (Dolby on).

The price for such an incomparable piece of equipment? Only \$349.95.** Which is about what you'd expect to pay for a deck of comparable quality without Sharp's exclusive features.

But you'll own something so advanced it'll be ahead of its time years from now.

See your Sharp Dealer for a mindboggling demonstration.

Sharp Electronics Corp.
 10 Keystone Place
 Paramus, N.J. 07652



*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. **Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price Optional with Dealer.

Empire's Blueprint For Better Listening

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance.

The advantages of Empire are threefold.

One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our diamond stylus to float free of its magnets and coils. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures longer record life.

Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection.

The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.



EMPIRE

Already your system sounds better.

Empire Scientific Corp.
Garden City, New York 11530

NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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The new Bose® Model 501. It shapes the sound to fit your living room and your music.

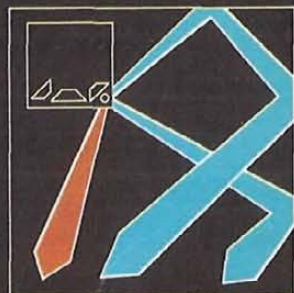
The new Bose Model 501 Direct/Reflecting® speaker captures the realism of live music by using room-wall reflections to recreate the balance of reflected and direct sound you hear at a live performance.

At the same time, the ex-

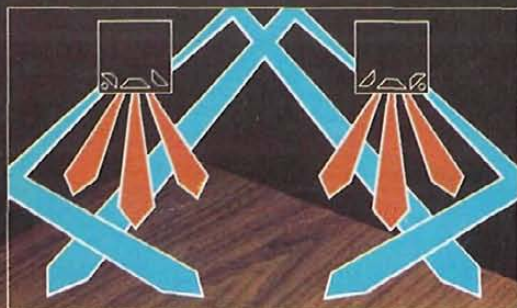
clusive Bose Direct Energy Control lets you adjust the radiation pattern of the outward-firing tweeter for the size and shape of your room, and for your music. Broader, for the sweep of a symphony, or tighter, for the intimacy of a vocalist.

Two extended-range, 3-inch tweeters deliver crisp, clean highs, while the high-performance 10-inch woofer produces very deep, powerful bass with practically no distortion. And an innovative Dual Frequency Crossover™ network lets tweeters and woofer play simultaneously over more than an octave, for smooth, open midrange.

Hear the new Model 501, the speaker that shapes the sound to fit the way you listen to music, at Bose dealers now.



The Direct Energy Control lets you adjust the radiation pattern of the outward-firing tweeter.

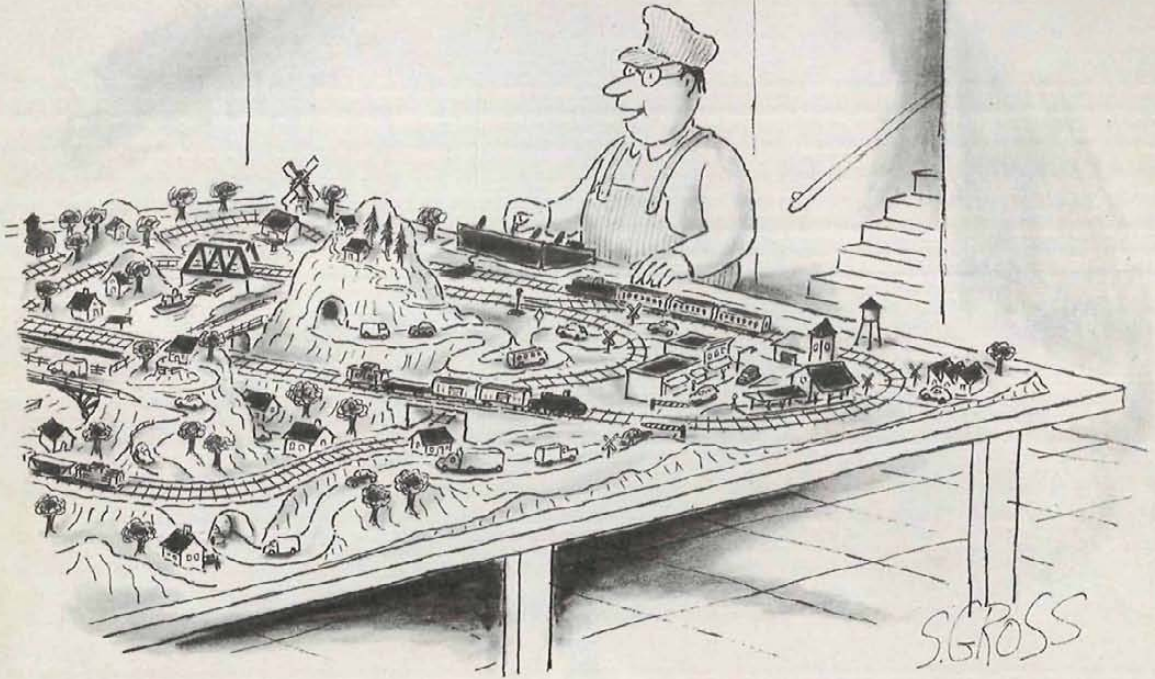


The Model 501 speaker is designed to create a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.

BOSE
Better sound through research.

For a detailed description of the Model 501 and the technology behind it, send \$1.00 to Bose Corporation, Dept. PVN, The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701. You will receive a full-color Model 501 brochure, a 12-page owner's manual, and a copy of Dr. Amar Bose's article on "Sound Recording and Reproduction," reprinted from *Technology Review*. Cabinets are walnut-grain vinyl veneer. Patents issued and pending.

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The new Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile Warranty.

Longer than Toyota, Datsun, Volkswagen, Honda, Chevette, Fiesta.

Fiat now offers a longer power train warranty than any of these imported or domestic cars.

We give you the same basic warranty as everybody else for the first 12 months.

But now we've added a warranty to cover the engine, transmission, and drive train for the *next* 12 months or 12,000 miles.

So basically, you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong the first year, and you're covered for transmission, drive train and most engine parts the second year.

How can we do this?

Well, it wasn't as simple as just changing some numbers on some paper.

We've spent millions of dollars and engineering hours over the last few years making Fiats more reliable and dependable. What we've come out with is a Fiat that's not only a pleasure to drive; it's so dependable and so reliable, it's also a pleasure to own. Your Fiat dealer can put you in one for a test drive. And he can also show you the details of our new warranty and how it differs from those of other cars.

Here's How You Are Protected.

Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service as recommended by Fiat, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur, and the transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for an additional

12,000 miles or 12 months, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

FIAT

First we improved the car.
Then we improved the warranty.



Fiat 131 4-Door Sedan.



Fiat 128 2-Door Sedan.



Fiat X1/9.



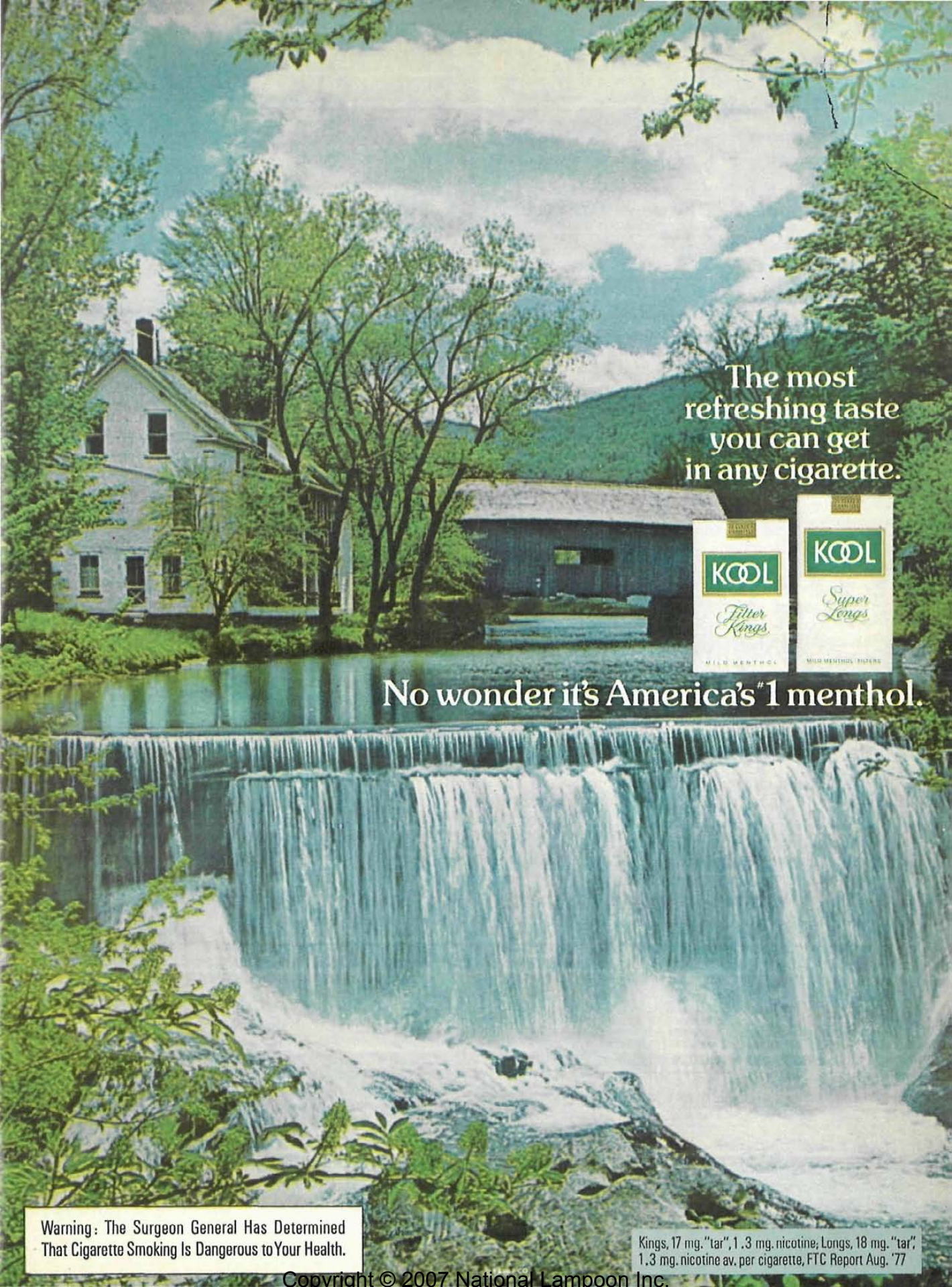
Fiat 124 Spider.

EDITORIAL

RIGHT LEFT

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home runs	stolen bases
red wine	white wine
feeling queer	being queer
right-to-life	having babies
American Express	Master Charge
opportunity	equal opportunity
good hunting uplands	environment
fly fishing	trolling
jogging	yoga
trailers	trails
fellatio	cunnilingus
agribusiness	back to the land
Thomas Jefferson	Thomas Jefferson
Bill Cosby	Richard Pryor
Peanuts	Doonesbury
Waylon Jennings	Willie Nelson
parents	Planned Parenthood
autoeroticism	jerking off
instant replay	prolonged foreplay
"My good man"	"My main man"
The Waltons	Bill Walton
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Iron Mountain	Black Mountain
Yale	Harvard
bankrupt	broke
cancer	carcinogens
left brain	right brain
right to work	work
backgammon	Go
Rin Tin Tin	Lassie
Jayne Mansfield	Marilyn Monroe
AFL	AF of L
hotels	motels
longhair	shorthair
Alpine skiing	cross-country skiing
Perrier water	Poland water
snacks	munchies
tubal ligations	vasectomies
John D. MacDonald	Ross Macdonald

This month's cover photo of Anita Russell was done by Chris Callis. If you like it, you have the correct opinion; if you don't like it, you must go and fuck yourself.—PK.



The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.



No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

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Sirs:

I may not be the first guy to have searched for God down there, but I sure as hell am the first to find Him!

Gutsy Larry Flynt
Fallopian Tubes, Ohio

Sirs:

Sure, I piss on trees, but Jimmy promised Amy a cabinet appointment for Christmas.

Benji
Federal Watchdog Agency
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

My Daddy said he'd fix it so I'd get a hung jury. But he didn't, so now I'm stuck with twelve bottles of Brut.

Patty Hearst
Jail

Sirs:

How soon we forget! To set the record straight, the steel balls fondled by Humphrey Bogart in *The Caine Mutiny* (Columbia Pictures, 1953) were not props, but the first speaking role played by a young, aspiring actor named—that's right—Clint Eastwood.

Movie Freak
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

If it came out any faster, it wouldn't be Heinz.

Renee Richards
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Where do I come from? I don't know—I never looked.

Bianca Jagger
The Continent

Sirs:

Isn't nature wonderful? Not only is the *National Lampoon*, a monthly magazine, read by the beasts of the jungle, but here in the Masai range, we see bull elephants using rolled-up

copies to snort their evening cocaine.
Roll-it, Dave.

Marlin Perkins
Upper East Africa

Sirs:

Maybe now they'll fix the faucets.
Anwar el-Sadat
Riverside Drive
Cairo, Egypt

Sirs:

...so he turns to the guy in the balcony and says, "You shoulda been here *last* night, there was this guy here with a *woman*!!!"

Frank Perdue
On the Front Porch
Chicken Shores, Md.

Sirs:

Is there such a thing as a "born-again" Jew? You bet! I've just been accepted to medical school.

Ira Freshman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's one for you. If Sandy Duncan farts in the woods, does she make a sound?

Bertrand Russell
Philosophy Heaven

Sirs:

Or for that matter, Hubert Humphrey?

Gene McCarthy
Philosophy I-B

To All Staff:

You know, I think we'd be a lot better off if we stopped making up the stuff we print and started printing up the stuff we make.

A Tired Editor
of this Letters Column

Sirs:

Like they say—one swallow does not a summer make.

Sally and Burt
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

We're now making available a set of *actual photographs* of the human soul the moment it leaves the body. Sticky, but suitable for framing.

Larry Flynt
Columbus, Ohio



Sirs:

You know this guy Ron Kovic who got crippled in Vietnam and wrote that book about how the war was bad, *Born on the Fourth of July* or something? Well, it was easy for him to be against the war. He got crippled. *Of course* he was against the war. But what about guys like me? I didn't even get drafted, let alone crippled. How easy do you think it was for *me* to be against the war? Huh? I mean, I should have been all for it. But I wasn't. I was against it all the way and still think it was wrong and always will no matter how un-crippled and not-even-drafted I get.

Ed Fence
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

I understand you're making a

continued



Le Car of the Year

Introducing the '78 version of the car that doubled sales in '77

The small car of the future is here today. We've combined innovative design and engineering with exceptional comfort, performance and economy to create a totally new kind of car.

Detroit's idea of a small car vs. Le Car's idea of a small car.

Le Car is not a big car scaled down to be a small car. We didn't leave features off, we added features on. The result is a car with a solid, well-made feel. An exciting, responsive car that is fun to drive.

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard.

Chevette, Rabbit and Honda Civic don't.

Front-wheel drive gives Le Car better traction and stability. What it doesn't give you is a drive shaft tunnel. So that bulge in the middle of the car is gone forever, and four adults can ride in what may be the most comfortable seats this side of a luxury sedan.

While you won't have to race Le Car around a track to appreciate its incredible handling and cornering, others have. During the first 6 months of 1977 Le Car has amassed a total of 57 first, second and third place finishes in 52 SCCA races.

Comfort and luxury unheard of in a small car.

Le Car's ride is remarkably smooth, even on the roughest roads. One reason for this is a longer wheelbase than any other car in its class. The wheels have been placed at the extreme corners of the car farther away from the passengers.

Another nice touch: the rear seats fold down to give you 96% more luggage space than Civic and 21% more than Chevette. Outside, we've added the biggest sun roof (optional) on any small car. We call it a "fun roof."

Le Car gives you 41 MPG, highway, 26 MPG, city according to 1978 EPA figures. *Remember: These mileage

figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Come in and test drive a '78 Le Car. You'll discover what over 1½ million people around the world already know. The car of tomorrow is here today. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000 or send in this coupon. Prices start at only \$3495.† P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Luggage rack, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. *California excluded. Renault USA, Inc. ©1977

Renault USA, Inc.
Marketing Department NL278
100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Please send me more information about
Le Car of the Year.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Le Car by Renault

LETTERS

continued

National Lampoon movie. I'm shaking. I'm shaking.

Steven Spielberg
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I think women should be given equal rights in all aspects of our society. Then, when they act like total shits, we can beat the fuck out of them with our fists.

Bill Evans
Pepperidge Farms, Vt.

Sirs:

Wow! Check out the nip-nips on that chick in the new L & M cigarette ads.

Betty Friedan
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I heard there was quite a little tiff around your office the other day when P. J. called one of the owners of the magazine a "cheap, fat, sleazy loudmouth" when, in fact, the fellow has actually lost quite a bit of weight. Or was that just a rumor?

M.O.D.
c/o N.B.C.

Sirs:

In my opinion, your magazine is getting a lot better.

William Gaines
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You're right, they make a lot of noise when they eat.

Anwar el-Sadat
Cairo, Egypt

Sirs:

Loved the Farrah Fawcett-Majors cover. You guys are practically as with it, hip to what's happening, and right where it's at as I am.

Baba Ram Dass
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

We've got a whole bunch of left-over naked women up here. Too bad you're all queer.

Burt Reynolds
Kris Kristofferson
Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

We are Vietnamese boat people seeking refuge in your magazine. Our needs are modest. We will live back with the cheap little black and white ads after the comic section, and eat

only extra vowels that maybe you could spare us when typesetting is finished. We are victims of Communist terror.

Vietnamese Boat People
At Sea

Sirs:

And now for news of the Cambodian elections...ha! ha! ha! There aren't any elections in Cambodia. Fooled you.

Pol Pot
Phnom Penh

Sirs:

The reason that we don't want Medicaid to pay for abortions is that blacks and Puerto Ricans breed like flies, and that's what we want them to do so that there will be a huge overpopulation of blacks and Puerto Ricans, and that way everybody will be able to see what a problem they are, and we'll be able to pass laws to have them all gassed.

Conservatives in the
House and Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I'll tell you why I committed suicide. Because my dad was such a gloomy old fuck. That's why.

Eugene O'Neill's Son Shane
Famous People's Kids' Heaven

Sirs:

Boy, my hands really get cold this time of year, but you know what I wish? I wish they'd get cold like that in the summer, too. Then I could rub them all over my body and save on air conditioning.

Mrs. Edna Grapple
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Speaking of such like, what the hell happened to galoshes, anyway? You used to see them all over the place. On people's feet, I mean.

Bill Maple
Trenton, N.J.

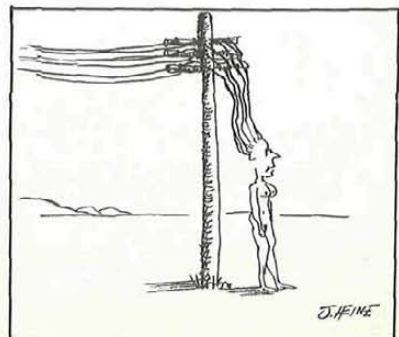
TV picture simulated.

You get more fun out of life with the FUN Portables

Get the best of both worlds: see all the details and hear the play-by-play while you're at the game with this JVC 3060 all-in-one Fun Portable. Receives AM, FM and TV, and has a built-in cassette recorder to boot. A great gift idea, this lightweight powerhouse plays in your car, boat or camper. (Adaptor included). See your JVC dealer for JVC portable radio TVs, radio-cassette recorders and personal TV.

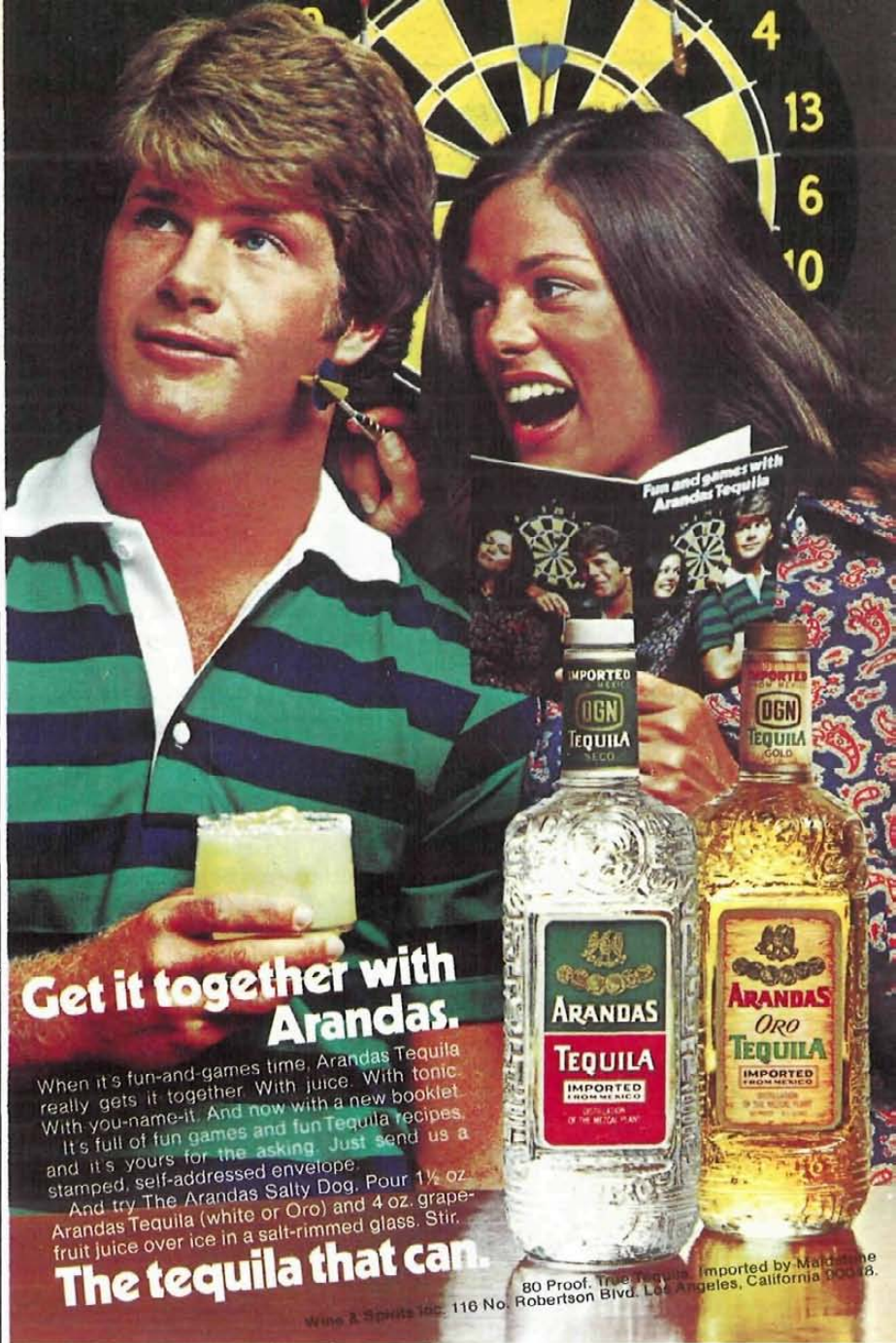
JVC

We build in what the others leave out.



JVC America Co. Div. of US JVC Corp. 58-75 Queens Midtown Expwy. Maspeth, N.Y. Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd. Scarborough, Ont.

**CLARENCE
CRABLOUSE**



Get it together with Arandas.

When it's fun-and-games time, Arandas Tequila really gets it together. With juice. With tonic. With you-name-it. And now with a new booklet. It's full of fun games and fun Tequila recipes, and it's yours for the asking. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And try The Arandas Salty Dog. Pour 1 1/2 oz. Arandas Tequila (white or Oro) and 4 oz. grapefruit juice over ice in a salt-rimmed glass. Stir.

The tequila that can.



80 Proof. True Tequila. Imported by Malibu Wine & Spirits Inc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90018.



THIS IS

WAR

by Slouch Hooligan,
War Correspondent



Tierra del Fuego—In half a century of war correspondence, I have never seen a more desolate sight than the land outside the window of my hotel. Out there somewhere, a war is being fought. A war for what? Well, a war for land, though only the dead are glorious. A war for reasons of national honor, a war of preservation... this war, like every other war, is being fought because it must be.

General José "Metal Chest" Cojones is generaling one side in the conflict. Since his opposite number, José "Sorbonne" Rajos, disappeared

into the surrounding wilderness after a lightning raid on the library last week, the general has had little to do. His eyes, red, watchful, and encrusted with yellow gunk, peer at me over a drink like a couple of bright marbles glinting in the blank, outstretched palm of a black man. His face seems at first as revealing as the slate-colored slab of hand, but on closer inspection, its lines and lumps offer vague intimations of character as a palm hints of the future to those with an eye for reading it there.

Far away tonight, in a campsite between the three fires needed to keep warm in the countryside, sits José "Sorbonne" Rajos; perhaps reading from a book while his men look on in wonder, trying to follow the words embedded in the paper by watching the expressions of joy and anger flee across their leader's face. Maté brews on the fire; a sea bird spitted on a stick is toasted like a marshmallow.

Argentina, of which Tierra del Fuego is a part, is perhaps the most colorful country in South America. Nightly, outside the town limits, grouchos—cowboys with eyeglasses, false noses and moustaches, and

whips—gather in bodegas to drink sour wine from coconut halves and forget the hard labor of the day. Later in the evening, they smoke narrow, acrid cigars with plastic tips, and throw knives at each other's feet in a test of macho.

In the town, yours truly sits as mentioned before, across the table from General Cojones. "Sorbonne," he says, is a red Communist.

"Sorbonne has a French education... that is like walking around inside a Frenchman, do you see? He is a Communist. He is a mentalist. He should be in asylum. Here we have a fable, we say all men are equal before lunch. Do you see? Now, Mr. Slouch, it is good you have my protection, and have chosen not to wander away from the hotel. That would be dangerous, for grouchos might rob you of your expense account and shotgun you where your fat splits to release your wastes, hah."

Cojones's talk was making me nervous. The only thing in the world more dangerous than a drunken subdictator general is maybe an Ulster Protestant all gooned up by drums and flutes on King Billy's birthday. They're both meaner than a number twenty-seven sawtooth tungsten steel-spring knacker trap set waist level in your favorite armchair.

Naturally, most of these proto-leaders are scared shit of American newspapers, not to mention those new F-16 fighters with the missiles that can be set for the leader's brand of Scotch that get sent to look for lost correspondents. But funny things happen in places like Tierra del Fuego. I heard about one guy who got stamped to death, and the government let on how it was cows. The Hooligan policy has always been to read between the lines when covering a war, or if that's impossible, at least stay well behind them. Unfortunately, this policy is one that brings you in contact with a lot of generalissimos, vizirs, damballahs, dolmans, and other commanding forms of life, unless of course you want to take a bottle to your room—but that's unprofessional.

I guess if I stopped to count up the number of grade A extra-large foreign leaders I've met in my time, I'd probably have to request a two week leave of absence. I've spent evenings with the late Gamal Abdel Nasser, camped on the other side of

continued

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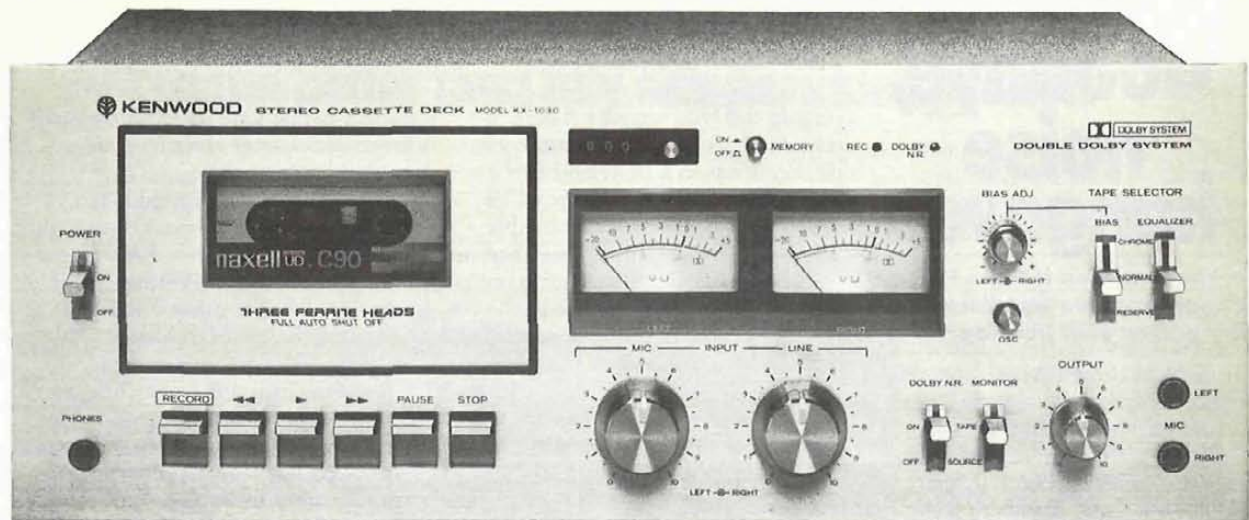
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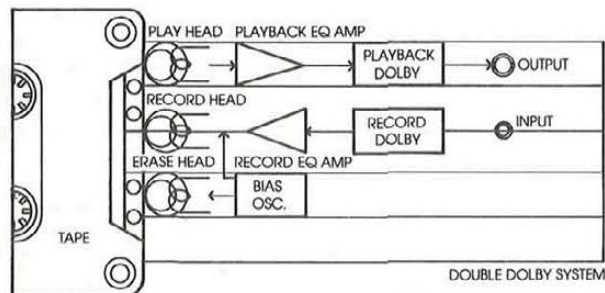
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ALL THREE-HEAD CASSETTE DECKS LET YOU HEAR AS YOU RECORD. OURS LETS YOU RECORD PRECISELY WHAT YOU HEAR.



Three-Head Design with Double Dolby.*

Not all three-head cassette decks are created equal. Some manufacturers have designed their decks with separate erase, record and playback heads primarily for convenience. So you can tape monitor as you record.

But our new KX-1030 uses separate heads primarily for performance. Each designed with the optimum gap to record or play back sound more accurately.

As a result, the KX-1030 has a frequency response of 35-18,000 Hz (± 3 dB using CrO₂ tape.)

And to let you take full advantage of the separate record and playback heads, the KX-1030 has a Double Dolby* system with separate circuits for the record amplifier and the playback preamplifier. That way, as you record

with Dolby, you can also tape monitor with Dolby, so you hear the sound precisely as it's being recorded.

The KX-1030 also has a Variable Bias Adjustment Control and a built-in oscillator, so you can adjust the exact bias for the type or brand of tape you use.

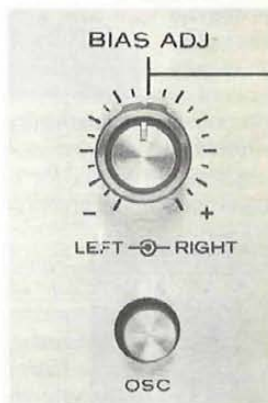
We also built in a number of other features like MIC/LINE mixing, memory rewind and a peak indicator.

But as good as all this sounds, wait until you hear the price. Because at \$375.00,** no other comparably priced cassette deck can match the performance and features of our new KX-1030.

Of course the only way you're really going to appreciate the KX-1030 is to visit your Kenwood dealer. Once you do, you'll be convinced: Performance, convenience, and value set the KX-1030 apart from all the rest.

*Dolby is the trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

**Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers.



Variable Bias Adjust compensates for tape differences.



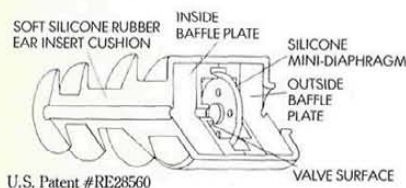
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THIS IS WAR

continued

Egypt from the Israelis, and seen his uncontrollable fury at dawn when he discovered his camel had been sexually abused by an officer (ten o'clock found same officer backstroking up the Nile towards Aswan, a clutch of crocs lashing along in his wake). I was in a Bolivian bar the day General _____ banged Che Guevara's M.D.'s head on the bar after a CIA man said his beer had no head on it. In Ogaden, scant months before the fall of Direidawa to the Somalis, I saw the Ethiopian colonel in command drink himself to death to avoid disgrace. But the most frightening leader I have ever seen was not one of these foreign chiefs, but Pat Moynihan, the U.S. senator from New York.

In Hell's Kitchen, New York, where Pat and I grew up, it was not uncommon to see a tunnel rat gallop across the street with a fifty pound sewer grate jammed around its neck, dragging a chain of link sausage with a butcher struggling at the end. There were sixteen bars on every block, exceeding by one the number of city-licensed whorehouses.

Everyone there knew you didn't mess with Pat. Not just because his mom could throw a frying pan a full four hundred yards with pinpoint accuracy, not just because his old man had been mistakenly quarantined for rabies for two weeks after losing his temper when the bottom fell out of a beer case in a crosswalk; it was because of a simple little motto. A few words carved upon the wooden front of a butcher shop, no higher than a three-year-old could reach. These words:

"DAN'L PATRICK MOYNIHAN
RECKED
A BAR HERE."

At the age of three, Pat Moynihan looked like a fireplug. His family was so poor, due to Pat Sr.'s drinking (and later to his being dead), that they often couldn't afford clothes for young Pat even in the cruelest of winters—they just dipped him in a pot of red paint the landlord had left in the hall, and hoped nobody would notice.

Pat was hard at three; nobody in Hell's Kitchen would think to question that, even if their short-term memories hadn't been laid waste by coffee-flavored turpentine sold as whiskey and beer brewed from laundry water. His single greatest

strength was not physical, however, but mental. Pat was a genius, and all the Irish 'round felt sure he'd go on to become a boxer. "Shure, Pat Moynihan," the old-timers still say, if you can sort them out from the spics today, "fer shure he'd a gone on to a happy loife usin' his educated fist to knock over Naygurs if th' incident had'na befallen."

The "incident" occurred when young Pat was about twelve years old and I was about sixteen. Pat's pa and mine and about twelve other gentlemen of the neighborhood were indicted on charges of influence peddling, extorting money from greenhorns, running bawdy houses, and a sheaf of other charges trumped up by an election year D.A. When something like this happens, you go to the senator from New York. You tell him that you are innocent and he makes certain arrangements, and all mistakes are rectified in about the time it takes for an old tube TV to warm up—which is all the time the senator in question needs to decide whether or not he wishes to continue to be same.

This time, when the delegation approached the senator, something went wrong. He claimed he couldn't help because the issue was "too hot." The community was outraged at our fathers' excesses, he said.

"Well," says Pat Sr., "that's easy to remedy. We just arrest some Naygur on a charge o' tamperin' with school girls of the faith, an' the community'll fergit all about us!" It became clear that the senator was not going to help. The men noised it around that he was hopped up on some kind of bolt-eating Protestant-type puritanism, and the senator was not re-elected.

Pat's father and mine and almost all the other men were sent away to prison, and gangsters moved in to take over those businesses which had formerly been operated by the community.

Now, you'd think that Pat would be relieved to have his old man away for awhile. It meant he would no longer have to roll the pater nightly up six flights of tenement stairs, with the beer sloshing inside him and the gas blowing out of him like he was a broken main. It meant his nights would no longer be broken by his father's screams of horror, released like falcons from the throat during the old man's nightly dreams of murder and impressment, the result

continued on page 25

Total Energy Response:

The reason why Jensen Lifestyle speakers sound better than any comparable speaker.

Just what is Total Energy Response?

Total Energy Response is the uniform radiation of sound throughout the whole listening area—at all frequencies. And it makes an unquestionable difference in the stereo sounds you hear.

Most speakers are to one degree or another directional. That is, part of the room in front of the speaker gets the full sound. Bass, treble and midrange. While parts of the room to the sides of the speaker get just a fragment of the sound. (See Fig. A)

It's precisely this fault we set out to correct. Because others may tell only part of the story. Often with just one response curve measured from just one position—their optimum position.

However their results don't look so favorable when the test microphone is

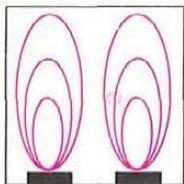


Figure A Ordinary Speaker Dispersion

moved "off-axis," that is, to the side instead of directly in front of these speakers.

Figure B illustrates this. It is a Total Energy Response curve, taken with test micro-

phones in all positions. When comparing the Jensen (blue line) with a comparably priced "flat" speaker (red line), you can see how deficient the other speaker is in total radiated energy in the mid and mid-high frequencies. This midrange deficiency is unfortunately very common amongst speakers, and gives many so-called "flat"

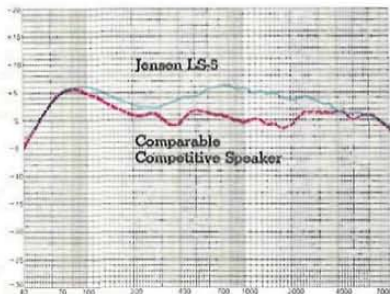


Figure B Total Energy Response Curve

response speakers a very "thin" sound.

The Jensen Lifestyle speaker, on the other hand, demonstrates true Total Energy Response. Uniform radiated



part of the room. Not just the bass if you're to the side of the speakers. And not just the treble if you're in front of them.

2. Excellent stereo imaging. You hear everything that *both* speakers are putting out. Almost anywhere in the room. Unlike listeners of other speakers, who can fall victim to gaps in the response characteristics, or "hole-in-the-middle" stereo.

3. Excellent balance. Many other speakers are hot on treble, or bass, or both. But all that really means is that the midrange is often neglected. Jensen sends the all-important midrange throughout a room every bit as much as the highs and lows.

4. Total Energy Response is achieved in Jensen speakers without any loss of efficiency. Which means a moderate output amp or receiver is still all you need for great performance. Not a big super-amp.

power—at all frequencies—throughout the whole room.

These speakers were conceived, designed and tested for this. Tested from every spot in anechoic "dead" rooms, reverberation "live" rooms, and simulated living rooms.

Our finished products: remarkable dispersion for the hard-to-disperse high frequencies... 160° or 170° wide, depending on the model. Also expanded dispersion of the critical midrange response. And full, rich bass that still perfectly matches the other frequencies for accurate sound reproduction. The way it's *supposed* to be heard.

You can see how the sound from a Jensen is distributed much more evenly throughout a room. And when you're in your own listening room... you can *hear* it.

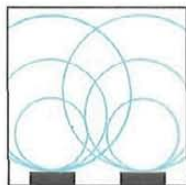


Figure C Jensen Lifestyle LS-5 Dispersion

What does all this mean to you?

1. It means that with Jensen Lifestyle speakers, you'll be able to hear all of the frequencies, all of the time, in almost any

What gives Jensen Total Energy Response?

A number of features. First, the extremely wide dispersion of the Lifestyle Tuned Isolation Chamber™ midranges.

Especially important are Jensen's two tweeters: a 160° dispersion cone direct radiator, and the 170° dispersion Mylar® Sonodome® tweeter. The sound input to each of these drivers is precisely monitored by Jensen's exclusive Comtrac® crossover network, which insures uniform energy transfer between the woofer, midrange, and tweeter.

For final command of the Jensen Lifestyle's sound, behind-the-grille controls are featured. These controls let you adjust the treble, and in some cases, the midrange, to the characteristics of your individual room.

And with Total Energy Response... there's more music to control.

Hear the difference yourself...

Stop by your local Jensen dealer and hear for yourself the difference Total Energy Response makes. It's the reason why Jensen Lifestyle speakers sound better than any comparable speaker.

JENSEN

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FEBRUARY, 1978

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"I FOUND IT!"

Ruth Carter Stapleton Discovers Sex

Publisher Larry Flynt Instrumental in Dramatic Conversion of Evangelist



A radiant Ruth Carter Stapleton, wearing a striking crimson jump suit, greeted reporters for an early Sunday morning press reception following her disclosure earlier this week that she had "found sex." The man who she credits for her dramatic conversion, *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, stood proudly at her side.

The well-known evangelist and faith healer solicited the help of the pornography tycoon in

describing the "miracle" that occurred during a visit the latter paid to Mrs. Stapleton's home earlier

this month. "It was a sharing experience," explained Mrs. Stapleton, a prominent religious leader in the South even before her brother Jimmy's ascension to the presidency. "First we read the Bible, which was a new experience for Mr. Flynt. Then we looked at *Hustler*, which was quite an eye-opener for me. Mr. Flynt looked very disappointed when I told him that I had never gone in for snake handling, and I felt he had come such a long way that I couldn't disappoint him. In any case, I feel the Lord must have guided my actions, because when I handled his snake I was just filled with a wonderful ecstacy, and a great, warm glow entered the darkened room. I knew at that moment that I had found something more upstanding and powerful than a prayer, more righteous than a hundred symbols."

"I can only say that this woman has been blessed with more than the healing touch," interjected Mr. Flynt, clearly delighted with his prominent new

convert. "I have never experienced a more moving laying on of hands in all my days."

Any expectations that Mrs. Stapleton would find her new interests incompatible with her activities as a religious leader were laid to rest when she invited those present to attend what would be the first service of her new ministry. A lengthy wait in the chapel was ended when Mrs. Stapleton burst onto the podium wearing a snakeskin cape and halter top and black leather jeans, clasped her hands above her head in a gesture of triumph, and shouted to the cheering congregation: "I bring you news of great miracles abroad. Jesus is coming and so am I!"

She then delivered a sermon on the parable of the little man in the boat, a story apparently not found in any of the standard editions of the New Testament. Employing gestures and suggestive facial expressions more commonly associated with striptease performances

than sermons, Mrs. Stapleton spoke directly to the men in the congregation. "Each one of you carries the holy trinity around with you, and I don't mean the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," admonished the flamboyant speaker, her snakeskin cape rustling as she spoke. "Don't let your wives wait until they die to see the glory of St. Peter!"

Then, with a dramatic cry of "Let's put the *fun* back in fundamentalism!" she tossed her cape high in the air and ran from the podium to the excited cheers of the audience of worshippers, clearly aroused by her presentation. The service was only "the very beginning" of what the newly-styled "faith feeler" promises will be a worldwide Ministry of Erotic Love. Reports that Mrs. Stapleton would adopt the professional name "Princess Cleopatra" in recognition of the snake that inspired the miracle of her conversion remain unconfirmed as well as historically puzzling.

3 GOOD REASONS FOR BUYING AN EMPIRE CART-RIDGE

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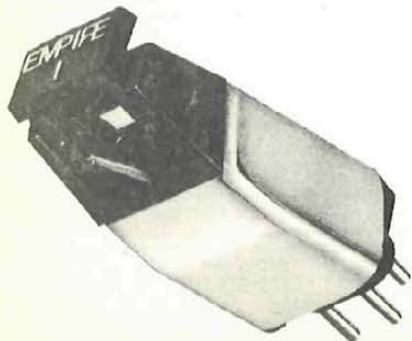
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Indian Cyclone: Feed Your Caste to the Wind

Months of speculation and puzzlement were ended recently when Indian officials revealed the precise reasons for that country's extreme levels of hardship and suffering brought about by a tropical cyclone last November. Experts had been curious as to why the devastation wreaked by the storm appeared to have been so acute, and, further, why the Indian people themselves had seemed so ill-prepared for the calamity.

"We were practicing the tried-and-true strategy known in your country as 'passive resistance,'" explained one Indian official. "It has worked marvelously well in our struggles against the English, you know. Oh yes. Oh my goodness, yes, I am correct in what I am saying."

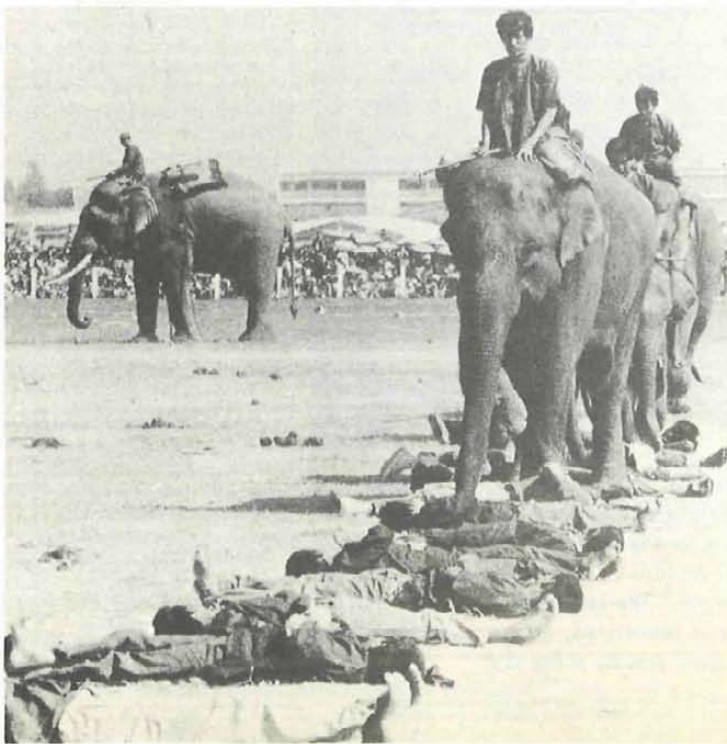
He went on to elaborate the Indians' bizarre civil defense procedures. Tens of thousands of citizens,

when alerted to the impending catastrophe, fled their hovels and shanties to line the streets in postures indicating complete submission to the winds and rains. Apparently, their belief was that, in contradistinction to "fighting fire with fire," the proper way to resist the storm was to refuse to oppose it.

"Negative energy cannot overcome negative energy, you see," another

official explained. "If a terrible tiger is attacking you, resisting him can only make him more terrible and ferocious until he eats you up, yes. But the man who is enlightened will refuse to do this. Refuse to do this, yes. Can you understand what I am saying, please?"

Red Cross officials have expressed dismay at this policy, but report that they are unable to convince the Indians to change their civil defense procedure. "Our hands are tied," one Red Cross spokesperson told a press conference. "All we can do is stand by and watch thousands of slumping Indian citizens being blown around like large pieces of weird confetti."



Indian citizens prepare to meet cyclone while a bunch of elephants walk over them.

We Do It All in You

Oakbrook, Ill.—The McDonald's hamburger chain has announced that it will begin test marketing cut-rate, rapid service medical care in seven of its Phoenix, Arizona, outlets later this month. The "medical menu" will consist of a regular checkup, double checkup, Big Tonsillectomy, Big Appendectomy, McHernia, McHysterectomy, and McExploratory Surgery.

The chain promises all treatment in ten minutes or less. "A family of four can visit McDonald's and receive examinations, surgery, postoperative care, and prescriptions and still get change back from a hundred," a McDonald's press release said.

Initial advertising for the services features Ronald McDonald, M.D., and Nurseperson, a new McDonald's character. The emphasis of the advertising is McDonald's low cost, quick service, and clean surroundings. If the test is successful, the service will be offered at all McDonald's sit-down restaurants. The concept is being called *McClinic*.

Schlesinger Reprimanded for Energy Waste

Washington, D.C.—President Carter called energy chief James R. Schlesinger to his office to officially reprimand him for personally wasting large amounts of energy, for setting a poor example, and for impeding the progress of energy legislation.

A White House investigation has revealed that Schlesinger has used enough energy since tak-

ing office to light and heat a small town.

According to inside sources, Schlesinger "leaves lights on all night, leaves cars running day and night, keeps his thermostat on ninety, and keeps all the windows open." A White House investigation also revealed that Schlesinger paid a Maryland man to remove the insulation from his home.

How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start . . . Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.

We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, *The How To Hi-Fi Guide*, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.



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Libya to Have a Land?

Like a stone dropped into a calm pool, the startling peace overtures of President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt have set off a ripple effect throughout the Islamic world.

The inner circle of the first ripple is made up of the "front line" states: Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria. About half of Egypt is currently under Israeli sway. The Egyptians want peace now. About 40 percent of Jordan is under Israeli dominion, and Hussein is more lukewarm about Sadat's move. Syria, which has involuntarily

ceded about two thousand useless acres of scrubland on the Golan, is definitely against Sadat's gesture, but "won't close the door." Lebanon, which has given up land to both the Israelis and the Syrians, isn't sure where it stands, but has expressed a willingness to "go along with anything."

Next, there are the second line states: Iraq and

Libya. In order to get at the Iraqis, Israel would have to march through Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria. Iraq has taken a tougher stand than any of the inner circle states, calling for the "immediate ouster of the Zionist imperialist, Jewish Zionist imperialists." Libya, in a similar position, has vowed to fight "to the last drop of blood." Since a goodly number of Egyptian blood droplets would have to be shed before the Libyans suffered their first military casualty,

a careful observer can see that Libyan strong man Qaddafi means business.

The third line state, Afghanistan, is for an immediate *jihad*, or holy war, against the Israelis, even if Libya, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Egypt, and Syria have to go by the boards. Pakistan, the fourth line Islamic state, has adopted a similar posture, only it would add Afghanistan to the list of possible sacrifices in the pursuit of "holy Koranic justice."

Perhaps the most militant of all are the fifth line

states of Indonesia and the provisional government of the Sulu Archipelago (in the Philippines). Located some eight to ten thousand miles from the Holy Land, these countries are in favor of "immediate and all-out nuclear war against the Zionists." Both states are "more than willing" to accept the inevitable catastrophic consequences that would be visited on their correligionists in Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan, Syria, Iraq, Libya, Afghanistan, and Pakistan.

Carter Aging in Office?

The burden of the presidency seems to be taking its toll on Jimmy Carter. On the left, a photo of the chief executive taken during the '76 campaign and, on the right, Carter as he appears today.



FUNNY



Bermuda: Genteel Terrorism, Gentile Tourism

Bermuda, one of the last bastions of the genteel British colonial island tradition, suffered a sharp decline in tourism when the natives rioted and protested the hanging of two fellow blacks for murder. However, in a recent *New York Times* story, Prime Minister J. David Gibbons, a wealthy and influential merchant and landowner in this beautiful vacation spot, contended that "our Bermuda rioting is happily not on the scale" of racial rioting in Washington, Boston, or London.

"We simply don't bash each other on the head," he said.

Mr. Gibbons's plan to restore the tourist business to Bermuda is to keep the protest and violence level on a "small scale," and he has exhorted the natives to channel their hostile feel-

ings in a more moderate manner as befits the image of the island. According to Gibbons, the plan is working, as many American tourists have congratulated him on the "not unpleasant atmosphere."

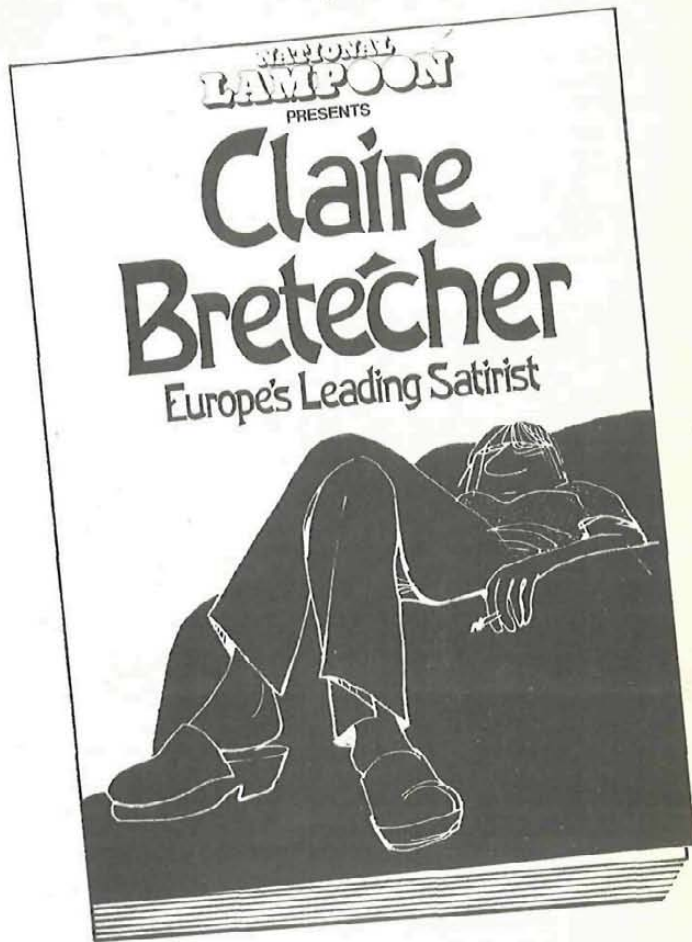
Mr. Bitsy Muffin III and his wife Bunny, of Mainline, Philadelphia, enjoyed their twenty-ninth Bermuda vacation "almost as much as the others." "The Negro boys threw plastic golf balls at us, and then ran away," said Mr. Muffin. "And sometimes Bunny would get poked in her fanny with a long bamboo pole. Things like that."

"Once the boys got a little playful and used me for a dart board," said Mrs. Muffin. "But the soldiers shooed them away with those new automatic rifles that hardly made a sound."

Researchers Discover Cure for Rat Cancer

Midland, Mich.—Researchers at Michigan Chemical and Pharmaceutical claim to have found a cure for cancer in rats. Working for seven years on the project, Dr. Conrad Klemmings announced that a serum has been developed and boasts a success rate of 99.87 percent in curing all types of rat cancer. The serum, which was tested for safety on prisoners at Jackson Penitentiary in Jackson, Michigan, has no human application. The new drug will soon be marketed worldwide.

*Claire Bretecher
is a funny lady woman person!*



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you suddenly realize that it's you—and me—she's teasing. This first American book by Bretecher is a collection of full-color and black-and-white cartoons and comics, extracted from four enormously popular books already published in France. It has been translated by *National Lampoon* editors and presented in this country by that magazine. The Bretecher book will be available only in select bookstores, and may be purchased now through this advertisement for \$5.95, plus a small postage and handling charge.

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State _____ Zip _____

Britain Strikes

London, England—Britain has ground to a complete halt as everyone in that country has gone on strike. Coal miners, firemen, police, and farmers were the first to strike. They were quickly followed by factory workers, rail employees, truck and cab drivers, airline pilots, and teachers. Shortly after, bankers, clerks, doctors, and students struck. Finally, housewives, invalids, retired persons, children, and the royal family walked off their jobs. As of last week, observers report that the only person working in the country was an unemployed Pakistani in Birmingham.

Executives Man the Mines

Soot, W.Va.—In an unprecedented move, executives for the American Bituminous Coal Co. have gone into the mines in defiance of striking coal miners. Thirty executives flew in from New York and Cincinnati, donned mining gear, and went into the dark shafts of mine number seven in the rich West Virginia coal fields. The executives explained that they hope to set an example for all other industries that are threatened by strikes. "We just want to let the miners know that if they walk out, fine, good riddance," R. Drake Benson, chairman of ABC, said. "We have had no trouble doing their work. Once we figured out how to operate the digger thing, we mined right straight through till cocktail time."

A major collapse and two small explosions occurred later in the day after an executive vice president derailed a coal train. No one was injured.



Reduced for clearance.

BEWARE!



NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE IS COMING !!

BEHIND

THE MOVIE

National Lampoon's *Animal House*...
Universal Pictures (due out in mid-1978)



THE PAPERBACKS

A slew of new ones coming up from New American Library



THE SHOW

National Lampoon's "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"

THE ALBUM

Same name as the show, from Label 21



THE RADIO SHOW

National Lampoon's True Facts Radio...
now being heard five days a week on more than
200 stations in the U.S. and Canada



BEHIND ALL OF THESE THINGS IS THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON

...the humor magazine.

There's only one magazine like the *National Lampoon*. Sure, *National Geographic* is good for a few laughs, and *Rolling Stone* does great stories on the lady who started *Vogue* and long dresses and lorgnettes. And *Time* makes a lot of mistakes, which are always funny, but it's hit or miss with those magazines. *National Lampoon* is always funny.

Add a new dimension to your life today—sly chuckles. Subscribe to the *National Lampoon*.

REMEMBER! IF YOU DON'T SUBSCRIBE TO THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON... YOU CAN'T GET IT IN YOUR MAILBOX.

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No Need For Irony

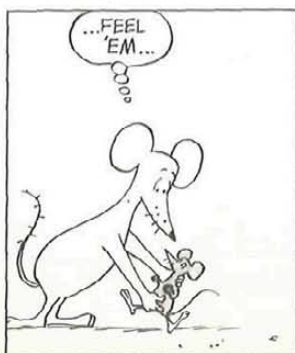


Ever wonder about the semiologic-folkloric roots of the Brothers Grimm fairy tales? So does our full-figured philologist, Pam (and she's only twenty-three!).

Highlights of the Month

- Feb. 9
8:30 P.M. CBS. **THE BEVERLY HILLS CANNIBALS.** A tribe of cannibals finds a diamond mine and moves to Beverly Hills. Oomgawa: Ossie Davis. Dixie Peach: Ruby Dee.
- Feb. 12
9:00 P.M. NBC. **PUMP.** Arthur Hailey's novel comes to life as the power, lust, love, and greed behind the scenes of a day-to-day gas station operation are explored. (Network warns that this program may not be suitable for younger viewers.) Billy Bob: Soupy Sales. Tommy Jim: Pinky Lee. Blanche: Lee Radziwill.
- Feb. 15
10:30 P.M. ABC. **NOT TONIGHT, CLYDE.** Two FBI agents decide to move in together. Tonight, Edgar has a headache and Clyde burns the roast. Edgar: Paul Lynde. Clyde: Charles Nelson Reilly.
- Feb. 17
10:00 P.M. CBS. **THE YOUNG PODIATRISTS.** Hard-hitting drama about the new breed of foot doctors who try to live in and yet change a world not of their own making. Kirk: John Travolta. Chip: Larry Hagman. Ol' Doc Greevy: Lou Jacobi.
- Feb. 19
8:00 P.M. NBC. **UP THE AISLE.** Price discovers that Pride has been diddling his wife behind the produce stand, so he shoots him and stuffs him in a Hefty bag. Price: Broderick Crawford. Pride: Don Knotts. Thelma: Martha Raye.
- Feb. 23
9:00 P.M. ABC. **ACCOUNTANT TO THE STARS.** The glamour and excitement of a Hollywood accounting firm. Tonight, Dick Van Dyke drops by to prepare for his upcoming tax audit.
- Feb. 25
10:00 P.M. NBC. **SMALL CLAIMS COURT.** Reenactment of true life goings on in the Lincoln, Nebraska, small claims court. Tonight, the true case history of Mrs. Smithers, the schoolteacher, v. Ralph's Auto Body. Mrs. Smithers: Faye Dunaway. Ralph: Dustin Hoffman. Judge: Charlton Heston.

GOOBERS featuring **BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN**



THIS IS WAR
continued from page 14

of Sr.'s former work as right-hand man to Missy Ikey, the Chinese Jew Shanghaiaess who sent a thousand family men round the horn, never to return.

Pat Jr., however, was not happy. He was desperately unhappy. He got no physical exercise since he didn't have to roll senior around. He couldn't sleep without the old guy's background noise. Worst of all, his fine mind was losing its edge, as he no longer exercised it daily in defense of his father's actions. It was at this time that Pat determined he would not be a boxer at all. He would be a senator—yes, he would grow up and be a senator, and when he was he would make damn sure nothing remotely like the "incident" would ever happen again.

When Pat announced he intended to stand for the Senate, the general feeling in the community was that he had lowered his sights from boxing because he had to go for the sure thing with the old man away and all. From that day forward, he never altered his course, and today he sits in the U.S. Senate, where likely he will remain till he dies. When trapped on assignments in places like Tierra del Fuego, yours truly often reflects that if D. P. Moynihan were running the district, there wouldn't be any metal-chested cretins hounding Marx-spouting grad students through the countryside.

General Armand Trujillo begins a new offensive tomorrow. His plan is to hunt "Sorbonne" Rojos with hounds from horseback using only shotguns. If he is successful, he intends to promote the sport as a tourist attraction in his country. "De communism, like de roach, thrives in our poor country, an' if we can make people pay to help us, we must be smart. Right, Mr. Slouch?" I nod and smile, knowing that in a thousand years plate tectonics will fold his country in half and stuff it under Antarctica, turning the whole mess into a great snow-capped spic omelette. In the meantime, this correspondent has got to get to his hayrick; tomorrow he leaves for the Spanish Sahara by way of tiny, embattled Belize—which the brutally efficient Guatemalan army threatens to crush. Looks like Old Slouch may be typing "30" on a few more governments next week.

Hooligan

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*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport



*After all,
if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg.
nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Aug. 1977.

AEROSMITH. AMERICA'S BIGGEST DRAW.

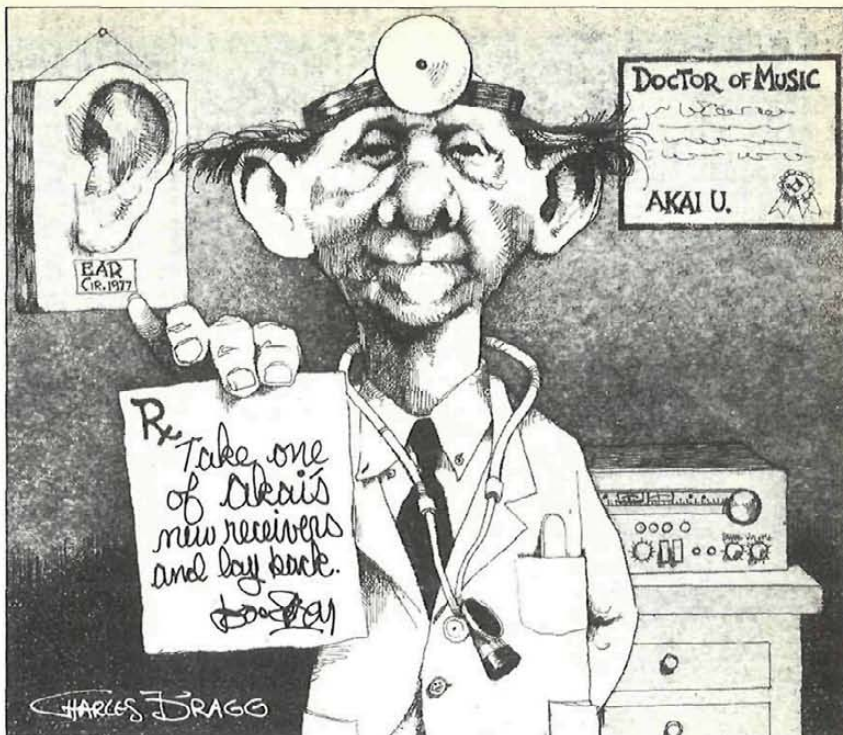
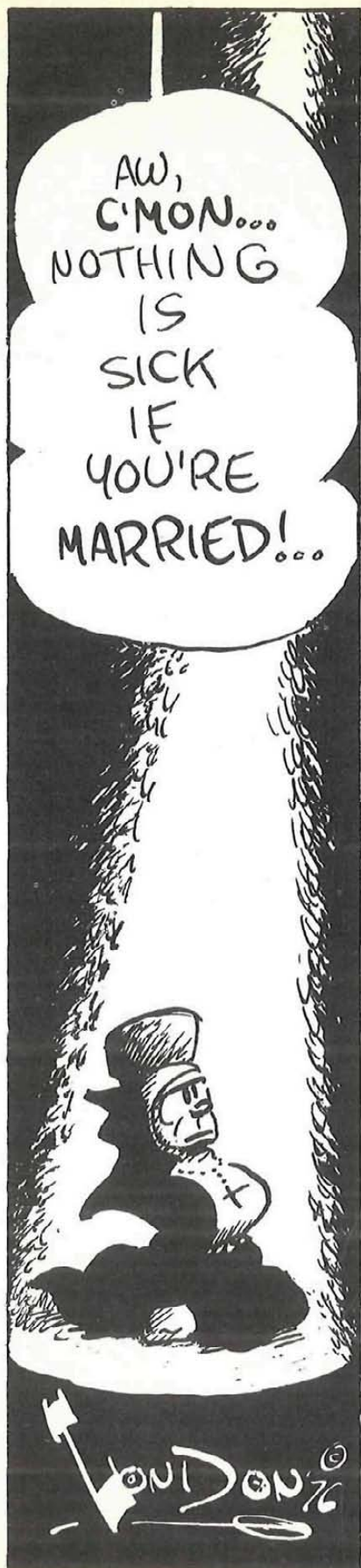


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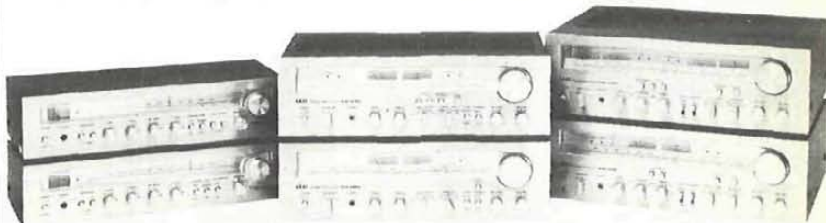
Choose from six power ranges—15 to 120 watts per channel—with suggested retail prices from \$179.95 to \$629.95. So now, no matter what receiver you want—a good basic unit or a unit with all the features an audiophile demands—AKAI's for you. You can feel confident that dollar for dollar, spec for spec, you're getting the true-to-life sound you expect from the

name AKAI. And a receiver that delivers better tuner sensitivity and less distortion at all volume levels is what a good receiver is all about.

Compare performance, features, design and value at your AKAI dealer. And start hearing what you've been missing.

Model	Watts/ RMS	OHMS	Power Band Width	Total Harmonic Distortion
AA-1115	15	8	40-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.5%
AA-1125	25	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.3%
AA-1135	35	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.2%
AA-1150	50	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.1%
AA-1175	75	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%
AA-1200	120	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%

AKAI



ART COLLECTORS:

For an 18" x 24" reproduction of this Charles Bragg etching suitable for framing, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. NL, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224. ATTN: Doctor.

THE OPTIMUM.



The first cassette deck that can find selections automatically.

Now there's a cassette deck that plays it your way.

The Optonica™ RT-3535 Mark II. It's the world's only cassette deck with APLD, the Automatic Program Locating Device that lets you select the songs you want to hear automatically, instead of manually searching for each cut.

But that's not all.

This Optonica cassette deck also has the kind of specifications that will impress the most dedicated audiophile.

The high quality tape transport features a 2-motor drive system, and a precision polished capstan shaft. Which results in a wow and flutter of

an amazingly low 0.04%. Compare that figure with other top of the line cassette decks and you'll see why Optonica can honestly call the RT-3535 Mark II, The Optimum.

A built-in Dolby* System means you won't have to worry about hiss and noise ruining the performance of your tapes. And the ultra-hard Permalloy heads mean you'll have greatly improved frequency response, especially in the high range.

We invite you to test the Optimum cassette deck at one of the select audio dealers now carrying the full line of Optonica stereo components. Call toll-free, 800-447-4700 day or night (In Illinois dial 1-800-322-

4400), for the name and address of your nearest Optonica showroom, where you can see the complete Optonica line and pick up your free copy of our catalog. Or for further information, write Optonica, Dept. NL, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

From our cassette deck that finds selections automatically to our unique turntable built on granite, find out why throughout Europe and Japan, Optonica is one of the fastest selling lines of stereo components on the market today.

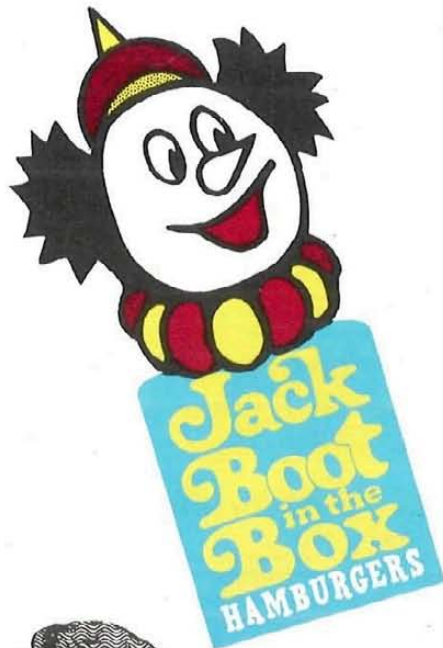
OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM.

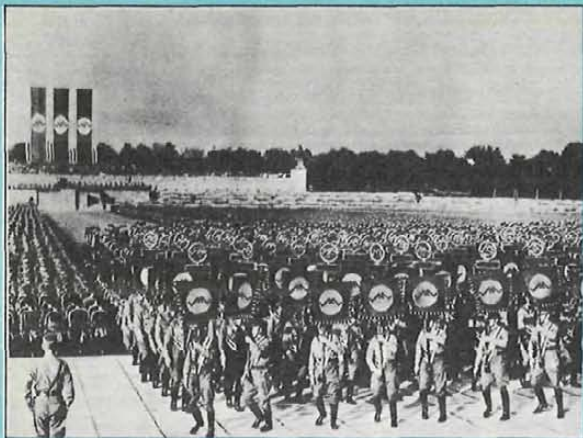
*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Wolfers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose in our chains!

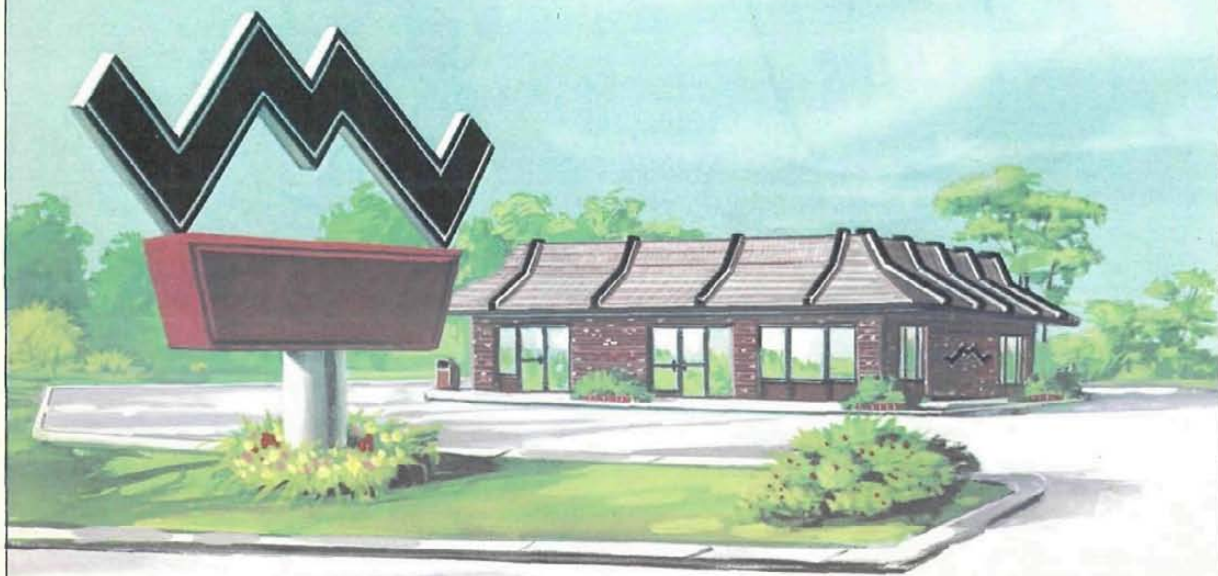
FASCIST FOOD

Fascist food is on the march! Link by mighty link, an invincible Sesame Bund is forged across the nation—batter battalions and provision divisions bring fire and ice to char and chill the vittles of a hungry lumpen. Throughout the Gudeatenland, forces of Short Order biff, biff, and biff again the pale palate-ins of not-so-free French queer-sine, while highly-trained snack troops marshal the masticating masses in unquestioning tribute to the Obermunch. Two hundred million people, a special source for a thousand-year dinnersty—McDonner and Blitzen—they all are quite the same! Upon those sniveling few who would resist the relentless progress of the junknaut, it's total war and pizza! Have it our way—or else!





BROWNSHIRT 'N SERVE! At Nurem Burger U., a mass rally of Junkend reaffirm their basic belief in the Unending Party. For these bright spirits, the carrion call of the future is, "Today the check, tomorrow the world!"



HOME OF THE WAFFEN! Fearless fortress against gutless gourmetry, nub and hub of the WehrBigMacht.

In this one Berlin, New York, fascist food outlet alone, over six million have been well served.

FASCIST FOOD

DOUBLE MEAT WHIPPER
BIG BLUE MAX
NUREMBURGER
STRAIGHT JEWS
FRUIT JEWS
THE WAILER
BEANS ANNE FRANK



WE ARE ONLY FILLING ORDERS! A member of the so-called French Resistance blows his cover by demanding "a regular pommes frites"—and unleashes a regular Friteskrieg upon his puny person! Beware, be-foodled Bolsheviks, we have ways of making you taco!

FASCIST FOOD



YOUR WAY DOES NOT EXIST! At Jackboot in the Box, it's a reich to the mouth every time some silly goose steps over the line. Remember: Your way is the God of the Jews!

Ja! Ja! Jadajadajada! Fascist food is on the march! Dishland uber Alles! We will fight the enemy menu à menu! Still in the arsenal are Luft Waffles, Dunkirk Donuts, Franco's American Spaghetti, Pickled Goering, Kruppcakes, and

even the great Bundweiser Beer from Tannhauser-Putsch. And you'll goebble them up! Victory is inevitable! Resistance is useless! Join the Junkers before it's too late! We do it all for us! □

SNITCHY

by Gahan Wilson



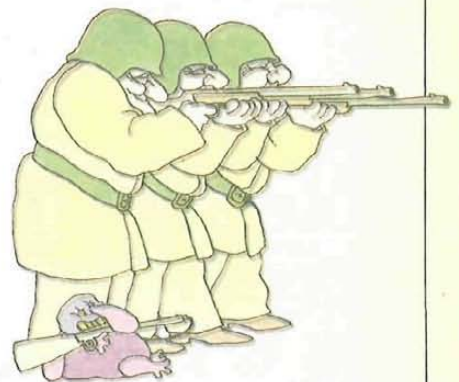
THE legend of lovable Snitchy was born when a little child (the son of High General Klash Vklak, eventual solver of the "Polish problem") presented our Venerated Leader with his toy dog.



"LOOK at the nose on this dog!" cried our Leader. "How I wish my loyal subjects had such noses! Then they could sniff out the swine who would lead our cause astray—such as Baron Stolshkie here!"



AT once, our people took their Venerated Leader's little joke to their hearts...

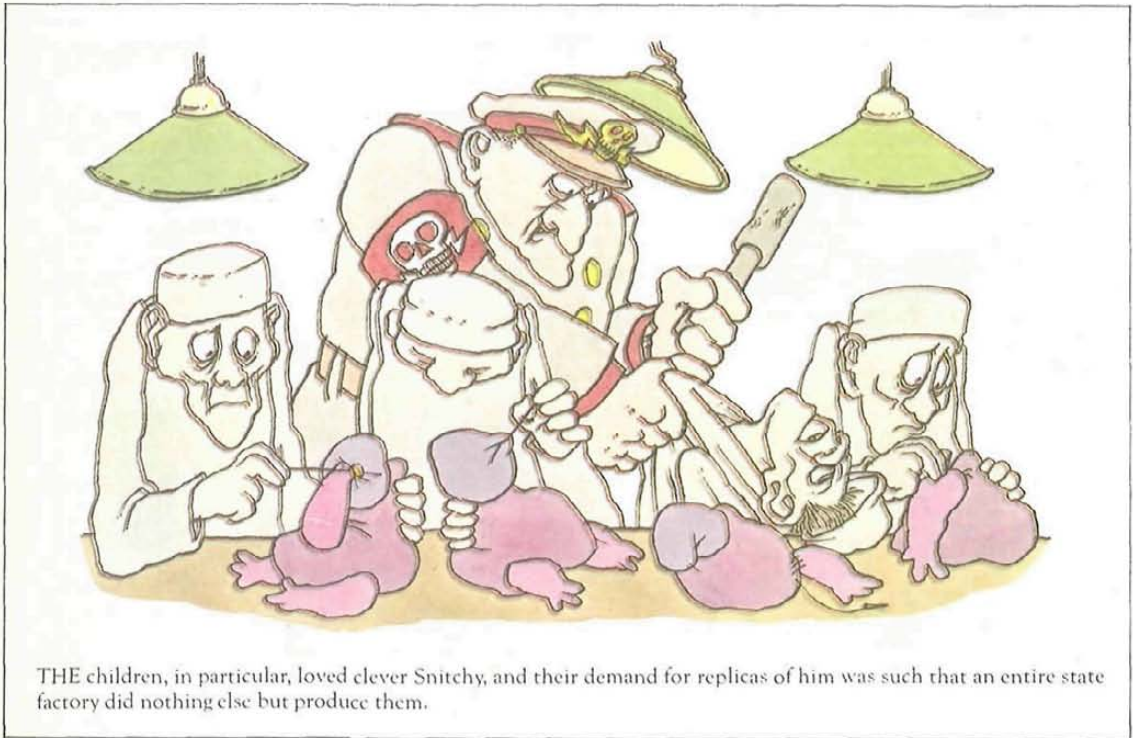


...AND everyone couldn't help but laugh heartily when the toy was included in the firing squad which executed Baron Stolshkie and his family!

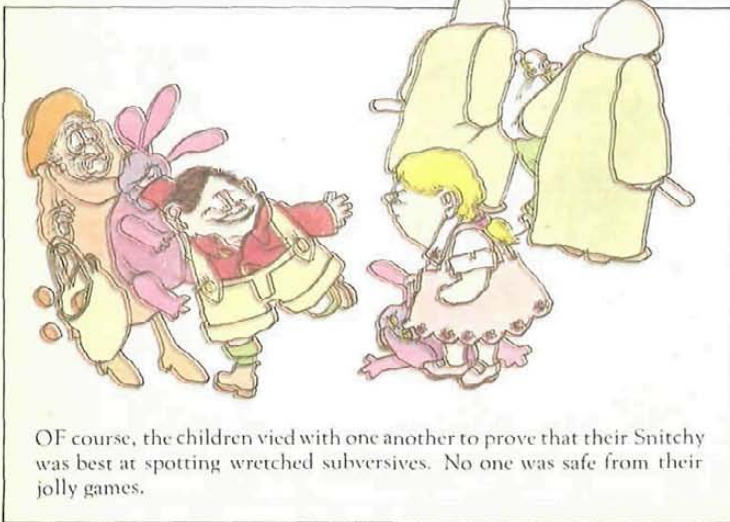
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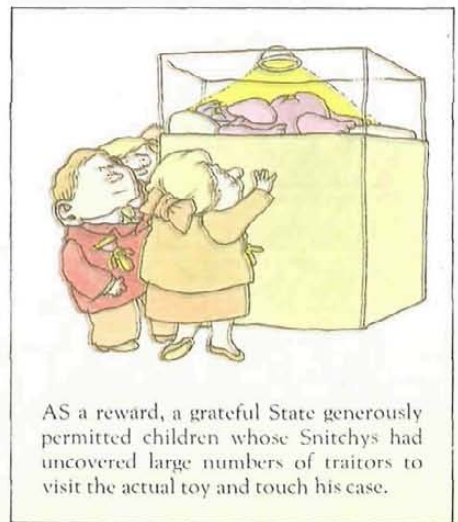
"LOOK," shouted our Venerated Leader during the Annual Triumphant Cooperation of Industry and Agriculture banquet, "the little doggie has smelt out a whole stinking clump of traitors! Let us call him Snitchy! Don't you think that is a funny name?"



THE children, in particular, loved elever Snitchy, and their demand for replicas of him was such that an entire state factory did nothing else but produce them.



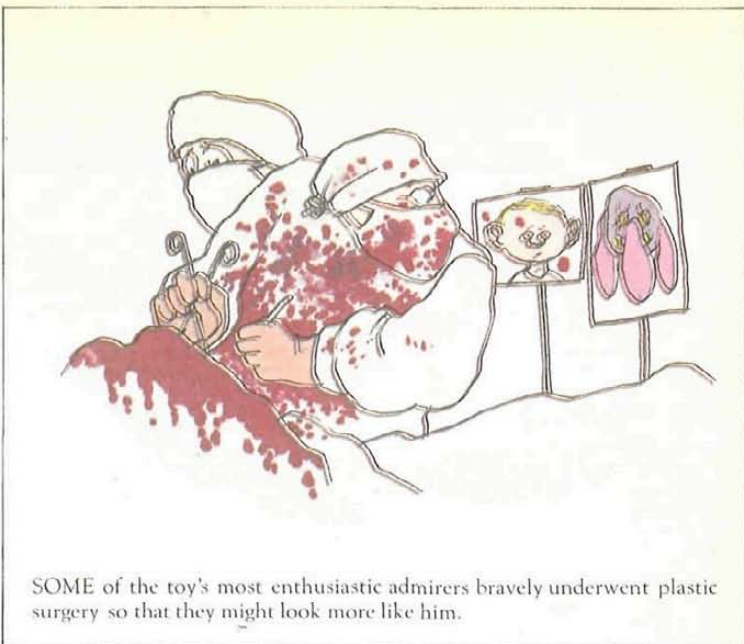
OF course, the children vied with one another to prove that their Snitchy was best at spotting wretched subversives. No one was safe from their jolly games.



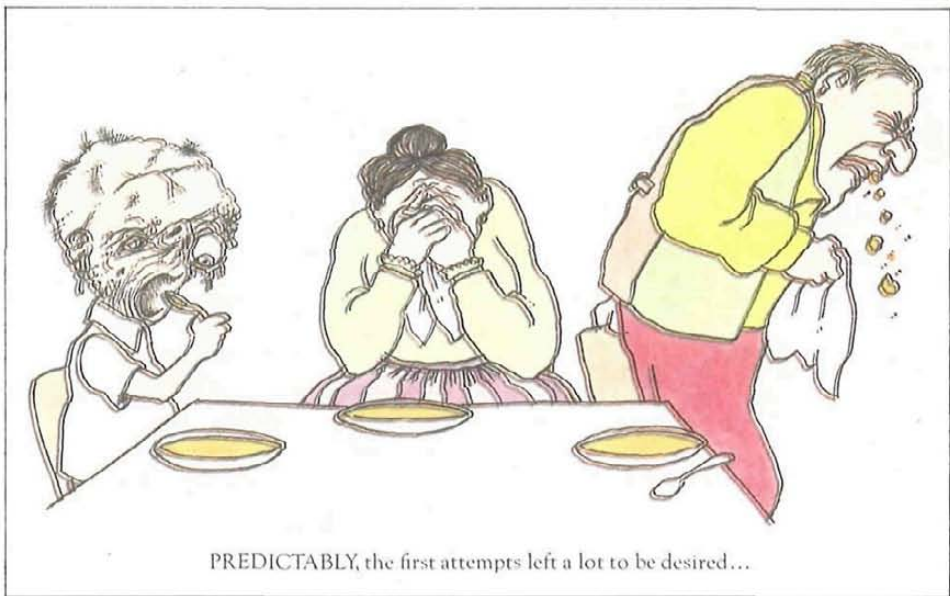
AS a reward, a grateful State generously permitted children whose Snitchys had uncovered large numbers of traitors to visit the actual toy and touch his case.



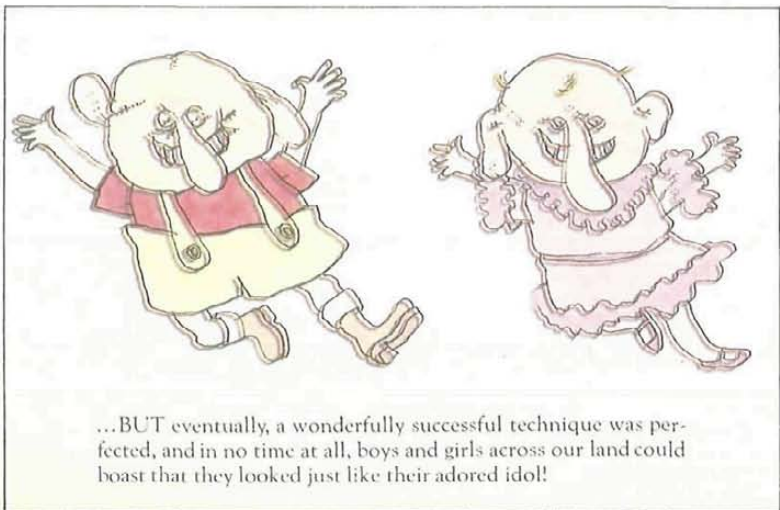
IN an attempt to emulate their beloved Snitchy, children took to wearing masks and costumes.



SOME of the toy's most enthusiastic admirers bravely underwent plastic surgery so that they might look more like him.

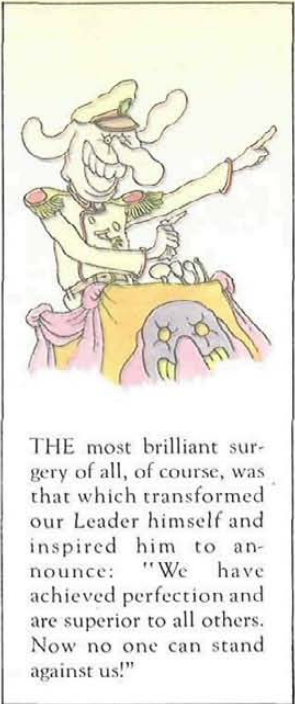
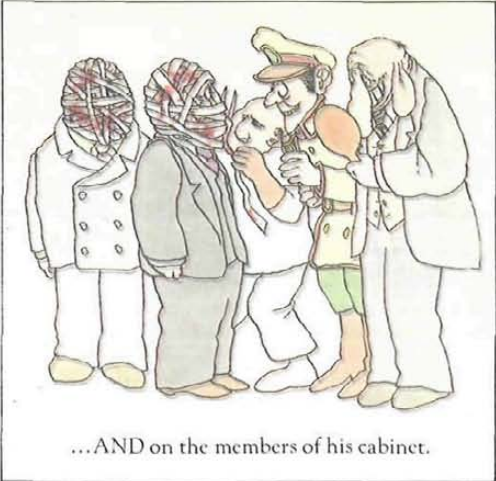


PREDICTABLY, the first attempts left a lot to be desired...



...BUT eventually, a wonderfully successful technique was perfected, and in no time at all, boys and girls across our land could boast that they looked just like their adored idol!

continued



The End

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SGT. NICK PENIS

AND THE BRASSBALL BATTALION™

YOU MUST BE GETTING SOFT, NICK PENIS! FIRST I HAVE SYMBOLICALLY CASTRATED YOU WITH HUMILIATION! UNLND NOW... WHO KNOWS?? HA-HA-HA!

NICK PENIS PULLS A BONER WHEN HE MEETS ILSE, THE SHE-WOLF OF STALAG 13, IN THE "HARD-ONS FOR HITLER!!!"



SGT. PENIS AND THE BRASSBALL BATTALION GET "HARD-ONS FOR HITLER!"

JUST ANOTHER DAY FOR NICK PENIS AND THE BRASSBALLS--A GOOD, TOUGH WORKOUT, AND MAYBE A LAUGH OR TWO. BUT, LIKE HIS MEN, PENIS WAS ITCHY--ITCHY TO GET BACK INTO ACTION, TO WIPE MORE NAZI SCUM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH. AND PENIS--THE MAN THE GERMANS CALLED "DER GROSSEGRÜNESCHWANZ"--("THE BIG GREEN SCHWANZ")--WAS THE MOST IMPATIENT OF THEM ALL...



HARDER!
HARDER! LET'S
GO, YOU GUYS!
WHAT IS THIS,
A TEA PARTY?

OY VAY,
I'M GIVING
YOU SUCH A
HIT ON THE
HEAD, OLAF...

YA, PY YIMMINY,
IZZY, BUT SURE I TINK
OLAF IS HAVING GOOD
TIME, HE IS A BIG
STRONG BOY, YA!

MAMA MIA!
THE RIFLE, SHE
TASTE GOOD!
LIKE A
LASAGNA!

DIS HERE SITTIN'
'ROUND GWINE DISS-
TURBIFY MAH NATCH'L
FIGHTIN' RHYTHM,
SHO' NUFF!

HOOEE, SARGE
WE GONNA GO
BACK TO THE FRONT
AND FIND US A
LOTTA THEM THERE
FRAÜLEIN LADIES
AND HAVE US A
LOTTA THEM THERE
OR-GASMS?



I KNOW HOW YA FEEL,
GUYS! BUT WE GOTTA
WAIT FOR THE FAGGOTS
AND DESK JOCKEYS AT
GHQ TO GIVE US NEW
ORDERS! MEANWHILE,
WE KEEP SPINNIN'
OUR WHEELS!

SGT. PENIS! MAJOR DAVIS
WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU
IN HIS OFFICE. HE'S DE-
BRIEFING A SOLDIER WHO
JUST ESCAPED FROM
STALAG 13. AND WOTTA
STORY THIS GUY HAS
TO TELL...



IT'S HER!--HER! ILSE! IT WAS HORRIBLE!
SHE MADE ALL THE P.O.W.'S WEAR
DRESSES LIKE A BUNCHA DAMES!
THEN WE HAD TO SIT AND LISTEN TA
HAYDN QUARTET'S WHILE SHE AND HER
LESBO STAFF SAT ON EACH OTHER'S
FACES! AND WE HAD TA WATCH!

A GUY WATCHES
STUFF LIKE THAT,
HE STARTS GETTIN'
IDEAS...



SOME BULL DYKE NAZI STALAG CHIEF MAKIN' OUR BOYS INTA PANSIES AND FAIRIES... DIS IS DA FIGHT MY BOYS HAVE BEEN TRAININ' FOR, MAJOR. LEMME TAKE 'EM OVER THERE AND WE'LL CLEAN UP DA WHOLE SICKO LESBO PERVERTO FAGGO FRUITO--

NO, NICK, I CAN'T ALLOW IT. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. LET ME WIRE GHQ FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS, AND PERHAPS--

PERHAPS NOTHIN'! EVERY MINUTE WE WASTE JERKIN' OFF IS ANOTHER GOOD DOG SOLDIER DECIDIN' IT MIGHT NOT BE SO BAD TO TAKE IT UP THE ASS OR SHOVE IT UP LITTLE BOYS. WE'RE GOIN'!



AND SO, THE NEXT EVENING, OVER GERMANY...

SARGE, I'M GOING TO GIVE THOSE NAZI WOMEN SUCH A SHUTUP WITH MY EIGHT INCHES OF KOSHER SALAMI, OY GEVALT...

EIGHT? SARGE, OL' WOODROW HEAH GOT A NINE-INCH LICORICE LOLLIPOP GWINE TASTE MIGHTY GOOD TO SOME OL' NAZZY MAMA!

'EY, YOU FONGOOL, I GOTTA TEN INCHES A' PEPPERONI, AN' SHE'SA SPICY AND HOT!

CAN IT, YOU GUYS! WE AIN'T DOIN' THIS FER FUN! WE'RE DOIN' THIS 'CAUSE THERE'S GUYS DOWN THERE BEIN' MADE TA DRINK TEA WIT' THEIR PINKIES IN THE AIR... GET ME?

YA, SURE, SARGE, OLAF AND HIS ELEVEN-INCH FRIEND, HE UNDERSTAND...

ALL RIGHT, THEN... LET'S GO!



THE BRASS-BALLS NEED NO PARACHUTES-- THEY'RE TOUGH!

HOLD ON! WE'RE COMING!!!



8 INCHES? 10 INCHES!

9 INCHES? 12 INCHES!

11 INCHES? 15 INCHES!

17 INCHES? NAW, 19 INCHES!

POOR BASTARDS! THEY'RE GOOD BOYS, BUT THEY STILL MEASURE IN INCHES...



MEANWHILE, IN A BARRACKS IN THE STALAG...

KNIT! KNIT! YOU SCHVINE! HA-HA! UND ZEN YOU VILL ALL MAKE BABY BOOTIES FOR DER FUEHRER'S MANY CHILDREN WHO VILL LEAD GERMANY IN CONQUERING ZE WORLD! ZEY VILL BE BIG UND SHTRONG, UND YOU VILL ALL BE SISSIES! HA-HA-HA!

KNIT TWO, PURL ONE? PURL TWO, KNIT-- AH, NUTS!

HEY, CAP... Y'KNOW... I KINDA LIKE THIS!

ANOTHER GOOD MAN LOST! YOU FIEND!



SOON YOU VILL ALL BE VEAK UND HOMOSEXUALISTIC! UND VE VILL LAUGH! VE ENJOY MAKING PEOPLE SUFFER! HA-HA! VE ARE HORRIBLE!



GOOD WORK, MEN! AND REMEMBER: ONCE YA GET INSIDE, KEEP PUMPIN'! BUT DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YA HAVE TO!

SARGE! OVER HERE!



GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF PINK STEEL, BOYS!!!

WE'RE BEING RESCUED! OH, HOW MARVELOUS!



The Real Adolf Hitler

by Gerald Sussman



Adolf Hitler at age sixteen.

Adolf Hitler was born on April 20, 1889, in the village of Zwern, in Switzerland, near the German border. His father, Benjamin Hitler, was forty-eight at the time. Benjamin had worked in the local sausage factory all his life, starting in casings and wrappings and working his way up to assistant stuffing supervisor of the *bauernwurst* division. He fully expected to become head supervisor of this division when he was unexpectedly transferred to the outdoor drying department, a move that made him bitter and despondent. The outdoor section proved to be his undoing. A man with a delicate constitution, he was bitten by the Swiss dry fly, an insect that hovers around *Bunderfleisch*, Swiss dried beef, and caught a rare form of sleeping sickness in which only one eye closes. The villagers gave him a nickname, *Der Blinzelner* ("the winker"). He finally resorted to wearing a tinted monocle to cover the offending eye and regain some dignity in his appearance.

Adolf's mother, born Sigurd Pletzel, or "Ponzi," as she was called, was a lively, spirited woman whose smile showed a set of mischievous teeth, her best feature. Her son inherited the same bright, flashing teeth, which would have a mesmerizing effect on both men and women. Ponzi's father, Behrendt Pletzel, was famous in Zwern for carving miniature religious scenes out of chocolate.

Ponzi met her future husband while working as a spicer in the sausage plant. At that time, Benjamin Hitler cut a dashing figure, hoisting his pig bladders and stuffings in a swaggering, devil-may-care manner. The young lovers used to meet at the local café, where Benjamin spoke often of his dream to invent the perfect sausage, a wiener that would contain all the vitamins and minerals, all the nutritional elements man needed to maintain good health.

After they were married, Benjamin set up a laboratory in the basement of their little home on the Schweigerstrasse, where he worked every night on his miracle sausage, which he called *mannawurst*. His main problem was how to combine the nutritional ingredients with the spices needed to make the sausage taste good. "His *mannawurst* always tasted like spoiled fish and cabbage."¹

Young Adolf grew up in a normal household, if we discount Benjamin's embittered behavior. Actually, the boy never met his father. Benjamin Hitler became a confirmed recluse, living in the basement and tinkering with his invention. He died that year, when a sausage containing dangerous chemicals blew up in his face. All Adolf knew about his father was what Ponzi told him—that he was working on a "secret project for



Adolf Hitler, 1942.

the government... highly dangerous work with poison gases."² In a small, provincial Swiss village, a boy believes and trusts his parents implicitly. To question parental authority was unthinkable, and Adolf accepted this explanation as a fact of life.

The only other surviving children in the Hitler family were the twin sisters Zoli and Yoli, who were ten years old when Adolf was born. He never saw them, either, because they had been sold to a family in Zurich at their birth. Twins were very scarce and highly prized in Europe during the nineteenth century, and it was common for wealthy families to make generous offers to the lower classes for a good, healthy set. The Hitlers received a substantial payment for their twins, but Benjamin squandered most of the money on his sausage research.

Hitler's early school records show that he was a hard-working but mediocre student. One of his teachers described him as "...almost always

¹Ponzi Hitler, *I Was Hitler's Mother*. Zurich, 1952.

²*Ibid.*

wrong in his answers...he would answer every question quickly and methodically, and entirely incorrectly. It got so I couldn't call on him no matter how eager he was to answer."³ Although Hitler was poor in academics, which didn't interest him, he was brilliant in anything that caught his fancy. By the time he was nine, he was a walking encyclopedia on maritime law, chemical dyes, and vintage port.

Hitler's closest friend as a youth was Willy Frankenhausen, the son of the town barber. Willy was an enthusiastic amateur kidnapper, indulging in an activity that was not considered criminal in Zwern. He nabbed little children and held them for tiny ransoms, a few marks or even pfennigs. If the parents did not pay by sundown, he returned the child unharmed. It was like compulsory baby-sitting. Willy also taught young Adolf how to use makeup, a common custom for both young males and females in Switzerland. "He always wanted to use too much blush. He had such pale skin. He did not need so much blush. Blush was better on boys with darker complexions. The same with his eyeshadow. He always wanted to overdo it. Imagine dark shadows on pale skin."⁴

Hitler had a childhood sweetheart named Libi Straub, a tall, athletic girl who wore a full ski-type mask all the time, claiming she had been disfigured in a horrible accident and could not show her face. This was not true, but Libi wore it for dramatic effect, keeping it on for so many years that eventually, no one asked her about it or even cared. "Actually, Adolf always thought my face was made of wool."⁵

Libi liked to play a game with Adolf called "Laying the Egg." She would hide fresh eggs on her living room carpet, blindfold Hitler, and make him squat on the carpet in a laying position. The object of the game was to do a dozen "layings" without crushing any of the eggs. For years afterward, long after he and Libi had parted, Hitler continued to play this game. He could do a passable imitation of a chicken, and loved to show off how delicately he could sit on a raw egg.

³Helga Schroeder, *I Was Hitler's Teacher*. Berlin, 1970.

⁴Willy Frankenhausen, *I Was Hitler's Best Friend*. Berne, 1955.

⁵Libi Straub, *I Was Hitler's Sweetheart*. Berne, 1965.



Benjamin and "Ponzi" Hitler, Adolf's father and mother.

While in his twenties, Hitler tried various jobs, but nothing interested him until he became a door-to-door salesman for the Adler Philosophik Company. Johannes Adler, the founder of the company, was a true believer in philosophy as the way to save the world. He taught his salesmen how to explain the basic ideas of all the great philosophers, from Aristotle to Hegel. After their training, his men would canvass a neighborhood much like today's vacuum cleaner salesmen do, except they would try to sell a family on a Kant, a Descartes, or an Aquinas. Adler was an idealist, not a businessman. His idea was simply to sell people on a set of philosophic principles that fitted their needs. If the family agreed with the salesman's pitch, they were given pamphlets, books, even complete leatherbound works. It was all free. The salesmen worked on a straight salary plus commission.

Hitler enjoyed his work and took great pains to dress the way he thought suitable for a teacher of philosophy, affecting an Oxford-Cambridge style—tweed suits and odd jackets, baggy flannel trousers, or the traditional academic gown. He liked to clench an unlit pipe between his teeth, wear wire-rimmed spectacles, and adopt a professorial absent-minded-stooped-shoulder look. At twenty-five, he was well over six feet tall, slender, with a gaunt, ascetic face and blond hair.

One day, while on a door-to-door trip through the town of Knurl, about fifty miles from Zwern, Hitler fell in love. It was a typical traveling salesman scene. Hitler tried to "get his foot in the door" and sell the prospect on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and kept getting the door slammed in his face. But he had an ingenuous, almost lovable persistence, similar to the young Jimmy Stewart or Henry

Fonda of the movies. Finally, in desperation, he sang the entire *Critique of Pure Reason* under the customer's window as a serenade, making up a strange sing-along tune. Hitler's *sprechstimme* had a haunting, catchy rhythm that appealed to this customer, and she invited him in. He spent hours explaining the philosophy of Kant, but she didn't understand a word of it. All she wanted him to do was sing the words. They courted in this manner for three years, and were married shortly after World War I.

Hitler's young wife, Klaus "Kitzi" Spittsbard, was a transvestite, but was so feminine that it didn't matter. She was a stunning blond beauty with a lovely figure and perfect skin, in the best Germanic transvestite tradition. Hitler may not have even been aware that she was a transvestite. Evidently, Kitzki satisfied him sexually, and she in turn was attracted to his donnish, absent-minded professor look. Hitler settled down with her in Knurl and they seemed to be a happily married couple.⁶

Although Adolf had to be away on long sales trips, Kitzki did not mind. It wasn't until 1921 that she noticed that he was taking a bit longer than usual, sometimes as much as six months at a time. Hitler explained that his long absences were due to the new assignment he was given. He was now selling door-to-door in Germany, the birthplace of many great philosophers. It was a rich, rewarding territory, but needed a lot of work. Sometimes it took him months of discussion and arguing to make one sale. And on top of this, he was having a great deal of trouble pushing the work of the new "moderns"—Nietzsche, Hegel, Bertrand Russell. "Russell should be dropped from the line," he said. "Not only can I not give him away, I can't sing to his ideas. I could do better singing the words on the back of a cereal box."⁷

By a strange coincidence, a man with the same name was becoming a rising star of a new political movement in Germany called the National Socialist German Workers Party. He was about seven inches shorter than the Adolf Hitler of Zwern, his nose was larger and

⁶"He would sing along to the works of Schopenhauer, David Hume, Kant, all kinds of philosophers, and his wife would dance a kind of hoochy-koochy, the way they do in America." Karl Wagenacht, *I Was Hitler's Next Door Neighbor in Knurl*. Hamburg, 1972.

⁷Karl Rippert, *Hitler's Adler Years*. Berlin, 1953.

broader, and his hair was dark, while Hitler of Zwern's was light blond. The German Hitler also had a different physique—narrower in the shoulders, developing toward a paunch around the middle. He also sported a small brush mustache. Most important, his voice was entirely different. The Hitler who was then active in Munich politics had a deep, guttural but spell-binding voice, the voice of a born orator. The Hitler of Zwern had a thin, high-pitched voice which was almost effeminate.

In one year, Adolf Hitler of Munich took over his party and became a fanatical nationalist, a brilliant propagandist, a skilled organizer, a wily political infighter, a vicious anti-Semite, and a man to be reckoned with in Germany's chaotic postwar period. From 1925 to 1929, this strong-willed firebrand worked to gain control of Germany. By 1934 he had accomplished this remarkable feat and be-

raculously as Joan of Arc or Napoleon. Where did he exist before he emerged in Munich? The best theory we have is that he was living in the mind, body, and soul of the other Adolf Hitler—the *real Hitler*, the Hitler of Zwern.

The process of the emergence of a completely different and fully developed personality from the original is always difficult to explain. Today's doctors, students of ESP, and parapsychologists offer many theories, but, in this case, the basic fact appeared to be that "another life" existed inside Hitler of Zwern that demanded to be let out—a demonic and demented life, to be sure. We do know that the Fuehrer evolved fully from the Swiss Hitler, and in spite of lapses and reversions back to his "normal" identity, he became the dominant personality of the two.

Of course, after the Fuehrer came



Kitzi Spittsbard, Adolf Hitler's wife, 1929.

came the great dictator, the Fuehrer, the God-like leader of his country—a man with a ruthless, relentless drive to conquer the rest of Europe. What did this man have in common with Adolf Hitler of Zwern, the odd but harmless door-to-door philosophy salesman? The answer is: *they were one and the same man.*

Adolf Hitler, or the Fuehrer, as we shall now call him, was one of those phenomenons of history, a charismatic leader who simply happens to come along—a man with no antecedents, no roots—a man who appears in the right place at the right time, as mi-

to power, he had the party historians invent a believable background for himself—a complete biography with parents, siblings, relatives, friends and so on. It was carried out with typical German thoroughness. "Official" documents were created, pictures of the Fuehrer's "parents" were circulated, and an impressive war record was invented. It was a brilliant piece of work by Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, the propaganda minister. But the fact remains that the Fuehrer was actually a split personality, a man with "two faces."

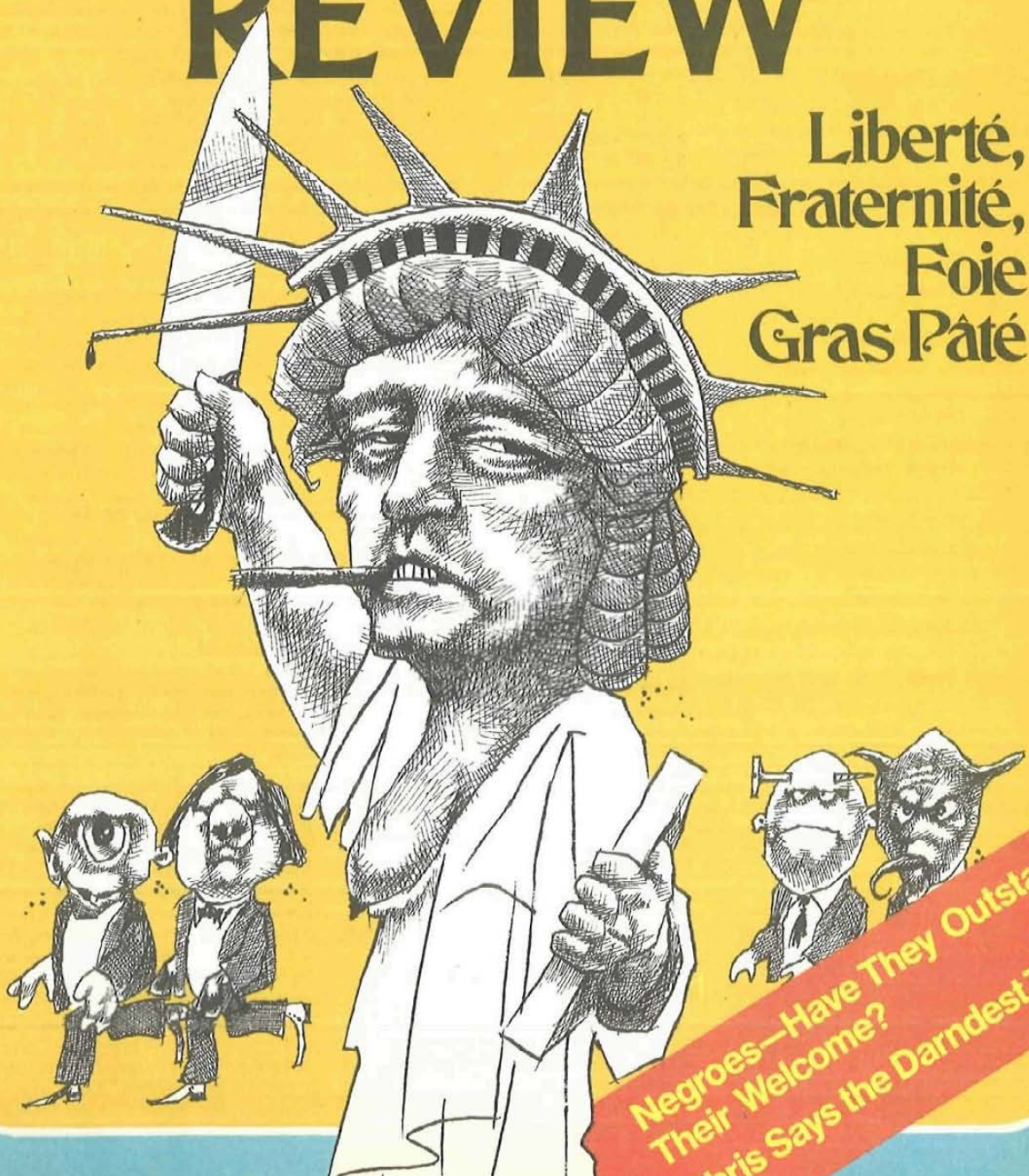
As we know from the many studies

continued on page 82

ME AND GOD
AT YALE
William F. Buckley

NATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Liberté,
Fraternité,
Foie
Gras Pâté



Negroes—Have They Outstayed
Their Welcome?
Chris Says the Darndest Things

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Free Enterprise Isn't Free

I must voice objections to at least one of your perennial themes—which surfaced in last week's review of John Kenneth Galbraith's latest work—that a regulated economy is disastrous to national prosperity, and that only when "the free interplay of the marketplace" is again permitted will it be assured. Even assuming America to be an unique economic (as well as social and cultural) experiment, and therefore not to be measured against the experience of other nations, still we find historically that when the "free interplay, etc." has been in some sense permitted in the United States, the result has always been an economy as rigidly regulated as any in today's Eastern European bloc. The difference, of course, being that the regulators are (unelected) robber barons and the beneficiaries the massive trusts they create to stamp out any form of competition. While a regulated economy may not be your best bet, could we perhaps lay to rest once and for all the idea that "free interplay, etc." is really a viable alternative?

London School of Economics

A FRIEND OF LORD KEYNES

As usual with paladins of LSE, Mr. Friend, your reasoning is impregnable, your historical observation faultless. Where you have made your fatal mistake, however, is in assuming that I share your disapproval of robber barons and trusts. Game, set, and match to me. Tra-la-la!

—WFB

(Sic)

dee Mis Bugly, A wus clean in Mis Rushers kichin lass Friday nine-12 and A get one of my attax wid pains ina chess and sparx ina haid so A set don for wile and Arm reedin in yor magzinz wear it sez bout welfare, ain never bin overped none cept once A git two chex and A tuk it bak count of they deduck it lateron and theys a penally ifn you cash 2. Mis Bugly A shur cood yuse 2 chex if you cood fix it A have 3 kid still an Marsha an her lil baby cos Rays gon. A sid Ray was a good boy he bilt TV out of spayer parz but he was week on ritin so he coodn git no job, Mis Bugly, an he got in som trubbl and the men from the precing trew him offer the roof and wen my man wen don to the precing they beet on him so bad he cain wok no more so thats 6 folks and evry food is 50 or 60 sens more up her they say count of they lootn in the sumer. Yors very sincerely.

New York, N.Y. BELLA P. HUGGINS (MIS)

Grammar, Gramma, grammar!

—WFB

Watching Individual Rights Go Up in Smoke

You say what others think but dare not say themselves. Bravo! It's high time someone spoke out against antilandlord legislation like fire codes. In my community of Greenwich, Connecticut, there has not been one fatality linked to the use of stoves for heating in 12

winters. Should the fact that there are semi-humans in certain areas of our inner cities who would rather drink and gamble than pay oil bills be held against those in the private sector who provide housing for the poor? Should the fact that some of their tenants beat their wives and have abominable manners be held against them as well? Keep up the good work.

Greenwich, Connecticut ARTHUR HOUSTON

The most chilling suggestion of all, made by N.Y.C. Fire Commissioner Hagen, is that "safety inspections" be made on a regular basis. Apart from the constitutional aspect, the invasion of privacy inherent in such a practice is mind-boggling, at least to those of us who have one!

—WFB

Getting It Both Ways

I heartily concur with your editorial concerning the ERA and its spurious claims of guaranteeing "equality" for women under the law. What the pro-ERA factions fail to grasp is that, if the precedent is established whereby minority groups are constitutionally guaranteed equality, the door is open for any self-styled or haphazardly constituted minority group to demand similar protection. The specter this raises—that of any slapdash group, left-handed cocktail waitresses from Illinois, or owners of gerbils with two cars, petitioning for "rights"—is both ludicrous and frightening.

Reading, Pa.

PHYLLIS SHUBERT

Rightio. One minor addition. Women are statistically the majority in the U.S. The implications—among them that the American people as a whole could petition for equal rights as guaranteed by the Constitution (oh, abused and weary document!)—are such that no intelligent white person could fail to blanch at the prospect of the amendment ever being adopted. N.B. This would include Puerto Ricans!

—WFB

Gullible Gal

In the "Notes and Asides" column of July 8, you assert that President Carter urged the public to support anti-Rhodesian guerillas in a speech at the opening of a new National Institute of Health building in Washington, D.C., and that he has forwarded a bill to Congress appropriating \$400 million for countries supporting the guerillas. While I agree with you about the need to have our foreign policy shaped in Washington instead of the United Nations, I feel compelled to point out the following inaccuracies. President Carter has made no public pronouncements on the subject, the appropriation is \$100 million, and the National Institute of Health is not in Washington but in Bethesda, Maryland.

Silver Springs, Md.

ROBERTA JONES

Being something of a wag, I inserted the item you refer to in "Notes and Asides" as a sort of humorous joke. Thanks for the "correction," anyway.

—WFB

THE WEEK

■ Much attention is focused these days on things Egyptian: the touring exhibition of Tutankhamen's treasures, the "Egyptian look" at many New York fashion houses and department stores, the visit of President Sadat to Israel. Now William Safire offers a charmingly plausible explanation for the craze: "A nation remembered is a culture, and a culture of a nation is to be found in the nation's leader. Many Americans—more than one would think—would certainly vote yes to a resolution proposing that a capable, courageous, right-headed leader be elected Pharaoh. I am one of them, in fact."

Count us in too, Bill. Perhaps Messrs. Harris and Gallup might be persuaded to expand their notoriously limited set of criteria and categories to include the nation the next time out.

■ It was bad enough that the guardians of the public weal in Washington saw fit to ban from the shelves both saccharin and Laetrile. Now it seems the Consumer Protection Agency is seeking a ruling from the FDA that it forbid the manufacturing and sale of a candy called Exploderoonies. The confection comes in a sort of crystallized form, and is nothing more than sweeteners, flavorings, preservatives, and a mild potassium-

based compound that reacts with saliva to produce a pleasing "pop" in the mouth. The sensation (and, in an insignificant percentage of cases, the actual experience) is of having a small explosion take place on the tongue. Children apparently love the stuff, and while we old fogies can think of oral treats more enticing, it does seem a pity that our children are deprived of the right to decide what explosives they can or cannot consume.

■ The miasma of optimism generated since delta-dweller Anwar el-Sadat's nice weekend in Jerusalem should not encourage the Israelis to unstiffen their necks or be backsliding. This organ has always maintained that while at home, usurers and money-changers still occupy the temple, not to mention the media (bare mute witness, an outrageous printing bill and several hundred thousand unsold returned copies of *NSR* which confront the present writer); abroad, the state of Israel has always adhered to the healthy notion that only God, guts, and guns can keep a nation alive and well. For our part, the death of Our Lord having become a bygone, the Promised Land remains the only force militarily strong enough in that (literally) God-forsaken corner of the globe to keep the Beys at bay. Now, however, with the threat of peace hanging low over disputed territories, the pressure upon Israel both from traitors within her borders and fellow-travelers in Washington to cave into the rodents scratching at her gates is enormous. We trust that Mr. Begin, himself no stranger to the business end of the rod of God, will prevail upon the chosen ones to retain the courage of their convictions—and convict those who don't.

Panama Canal: The Rape of the Locks?

We note with amusement the arguments raised by our Panamanian neighbors concerning the proprietorship of the U.S. canal which runs through that "country." And one must give Panama its due: for want of a better word, we suppose that that benighted strip of malarial swamp, inhabited by slothful, indolent, short Hispanics, is probably a country, by some liberal definitions. No, we won't argue that point. But, once having conceded it, we do not intend to roll over and play dead like Roosevelt at Yalta. Webster defines *country* as "the land of a person's birth, origin, residence, or citizenship." The operative word here is *land*. We doubt that even George McGovern could, by sophistic definition, construe the Panama Canal to be a body of land. It is a body of *water*. Water, in case no one in the White House has bothered to check, is not land. In fact, it is its opposite. So what have we stolen from the Panamanians, then? Water? There was no water before U.S. engineers diverted it there. Then perhaps the Panamanians are claiming that we stole their dirt. Come come, General Torrijos, even a tin horn dictator wouldn't suggest that somehow the United States has

spirited away some thirteen billion tons of Panamanian earth and secreted it in parts unknown. It is a well-known fact that the good, honest Panamanian dirt which was excavated to make way for the canal was placed in large mounds beside the canal...every ounce of it. Perhaps *some* unsanitary U.S. engineers returned to the U.S. with *some* Panamanian dirt under their fingernails, but that hardly constitutes "grounds" (an elegant but unintended pun) for an international crisis.

There are those who claim that all of North America is, *in idipsum*, the right bank of the canal (proceeding in a westerly direction), while all of South America is on its sinister side. The fair but humble giant of its northerly shore, us, and the gigantic, unfair, unhumble, but thankfully unred dwarf of its southern reaches, Brazil, could thus perhaps lay claim to clear title, by, if no

Dotage

These nights, alone, I sit up late
Loosen my tongue, my tie, my belt
And rack up points in my debate
With Mrs. Roosevelt.

W.H. VON DRIVLE

other means, *force majeure*. Such radicals are not we. *Au contraire*, our moderate, even over-moderate position is merely that fair Panama has an unimpeded deed to her "land," "country," "dirt," call it what you will, while we possess an equally unimpeachable document granting to us, *in perpetuo*, the ownership of the water which bisects her nether regions. We have dug our ditch and will lie in it, until, *festina lente*, not one but all our ships have come in, nor should the odious "General" Torrijos be allowed to set foot anywhere near our water, unless, as some of his supporters seem to think he will, he feels like taking a walk upon it.

If Thy Hand Offend Thee

In the days of the Oxford movement, overenthusiastic converts from the Church of England to that of Rome were often referred to disparagingly by their new co-religionists as "more Catholic than the Pope." Nowadays, of course, the phrase can be applied without fear of contradiction to Leonid Brezhnev; while converts moving in either direction between the churches experience a sense of transformation roughly equivalent to that felt by motorists passing through a tollbooth on the Connecticut Turnpike.

It is with a consistent *gaudeamus*, then, that this journal has greeted the efforts of Ultramontane French Bishop Lefebvre to force the Pope to be once again at least as Catholic as his converts; the redoubtable Gaul insists on celebrating mass in the Tridentine rite (*id est*, in living Latin rather than the dead language of yesterday's slang) as a prelude to undoing some of the horrors perpetrated upon the Mystical Body by John "Papa Pinko" XXIII, and risks excommunication (from what, one sometimes wonders?) at the mouselike paws of Montini for his pains.

Not content with messing up *la messe moderne*, this meddlesome priest now wishes to extend a healing hand towards some other sick sacraments: he urges that flagellation, self-mutilation, and pilgrimages to distant shrines undertaken upon the knees, elbows, or stomach replace mere Paters and Aves as forms of penance; he would also like to see exorcism once again recognized as standard therapy in mental institutions. Monsieur L'Evêque (borrowing a page or two, perhaps, from Komrad Karl) further feels that what the Church needs to reunite the faithful is nothing less than a good juicy just war—he proposes that the Vatican use its enormous portfolio to finance a new Crusade and repossess the Holy Places. To all of which a hearty *deo gratias* and a *dominus vobiscum*—we can hardly wait to see what happens when our new Bernard de Clairvaux gets to the criminal code.

Lump Dumps Hump

Someone once observed that the American "right wing" was blessed not only with health, wealth, and wisdom,

but with extraordinary longevity. Whether clean living or clear thinking is the reason for this remarkable fact has never been medically established, but it is nonetheless true that many of those who we would number among the potential saviors of these United States are of advanced years. With considerable amusement—and satisfaction—we are now able to present further evidence that conservatism is self-preservative. Our method is that of contraindication. Our subject: Hubert Humphrey—a textbook proof if ever there was one that liberalism causes cancer.

Mother Nature, with whom, we are reliably informed, it is not nice to fool, has ways of preserving her favorite species. It is no mistake on her part that those who believe in the occasional necessity of *fort main* are a better hope for its survival than those who make a habit of baring their rear ends to wild beasts for the latter's nourishment and diversion. Mama does not look kindly upon such exertions, especially when the front end is busy exhorting others to follow suit. Indeed, faced with such imminent extinction of the species, her usual course of action is the somewhat ungentlemanly move of hitting below the belt. Which, in the case of poor old Hubert, she did with a vengeance.

But before we make the quintessentially liberal mistake of forgiving our enemies, let us remember that for some thirty odd years (in all of which we have had both opinions and incomes), the senator has been standing in the schoolyard of our nation injecting federal aid directly into the veins of actual and metaphorical children. Before our hearts start bleeding for the old bleeding heart, let us take stock of that insidious gnawing at the vitals of our body politic, let us identify the cancer (*typus Minnesotas*) that has been weakening us, let us have, if you will, a sense of tumor; in fine, let us say to the old pusher, as Mother Nature indubitably would, "Druggist, heal thyself!"

Republican-Do

Whither the Republican Party?

Is There a Paradox in the House?

In order to protect free speech
The state must have the right to kill
Every and any, all and each
Who disagreed, or might, or will,
Commies or criminals, e.g.,
Their lives are forfeit to Big Brother;
But enterprise just isn't free
That leaves a fetus to its mother.
For sacred lives are those unhatched
In teen-age girls and welfare moms—
Our foes, of course, may be dispatched
By coups and nooses, gas and bombs.

W.H. VON DRIVLE

Helping the Poor

IRVING Q. KRISTALNIGHT

AS THE HYSTERICAL MYTHOLOGY of the last, unlamented decade recedes, it is beginning to be possible to say something thoughtful, intelligent, and helpful about poverty. For years, it seemed, well-intentioned but hopelessly misinformed social theoreticians were determined to impose every conceivable "solution" on the poor, no matter how frequently better-informed people tried to tell them these "solutions" only made matters worse.

▶ We built public housing for the poor; the poor drew nasty words on the walls and used elevators as public convenience facilities.

▶ We provided free lunches and breakfasts for the poor; they didn't eat them due to some aesthetic complaint.

▶ We kept raising the minimum wage; they kept applying for welfare.

▶ We opened day care centers; they kept breeding more and more children so that there were never enough spaces available.

▶ We maintained an expensive educational plant, at absolutely no cost to the poor; they persisted in leaving these facilities, assaulting teachers, breaking windows, and splitting infinitives.

In the face of these facts, public policy requires a radically new approach to helping the poor, one which focuses clearly on the central explanation of the persistence of poverty: *the poor are poor because they are dumb.*

Look at the evidence. Inductive reasoning first, okay? Here are the numbers.

▶ Only 1.7 percent of all tenured professors are poor.

▶ Only .3 percent of subscribers to *Commentary* magazine are poor.

▶ The number of poor people who are members of the Daedalus Charter Subscribers' Club is statistically insignificant, as are the number of poor people with season tickets to any metropolitan opera company.

Or, if you prefer Aristotelian logic, try out these syllogisms.

▶ It is dumb to live amid filth, squalor, rats, roaches, and dope addicts.

▶ Most poor people live amid filth, squalor, rats, roaches, and dope addicts.

▶ Therefore, most poor people are dumb.

The answer is not to abandon poor people, for many of them are quite tall and muscular—thus giving the lie to the liberal myth that nutrition somehow af-

fects bodily health—and will cheerfully rip the limbs, heads, and genitalia off law-abiding white people unless we can show that we care. The answer, rather, is to devise specific public policies that take into account the fact that most poor people do not interface with the accepted cognitive and socialized levels of mainstream society—i.e., most poor people are feloniously evil and dumb.

Public Housing

Most public housing permits the poor to act out their felt aggressions; this causes vandalism, loss of property value, untidiness, and other social evils. A sensible public housing program, such as the one pictured here, would adjust architecture and tenant regulations to prevent such social evils.

Specific hours of entrance and egress would enable the poor to learn accepted social modes of behavior. The lack of solid walls would enable the security forces to prevent the kinds of crime typically associated with poor people within their places of habitation: child abuse, wife-beating, et al. Supervised recreational periods would hopefully instruct the poor in accepted social forms of team sports, such as football, volleyball, and squash, as opposed to setting drunks on fire. A radical breakthrough in integrated social services would locate nutrition centers, child care groups, and low-skilled employment centers (printing, etc.) within the public housing complex, thus enabling the poor to earn their rent money without undertaking the arduous task of finding their way across town.

Employment

After the 1967 riots, so celebrated by the liberals as a cry of rage, several motor companies opened job ranks to ghetto blacks. Within two weeks, the absentee rate was well above 75 percent. These young men simply had no concept of the fact that they were supposed to show up every day at more or less the same time for the same kind of work.

Bleeding heart notions such as the

Humphrey-Hawkins bill all ignore this salient fact: *you can't have full employment if the poor are too dumb to find their way to work every day.* A sensible jobs policy would include, as a primary tenet, the unbreakable binding of the employee to his job.

While the 13th amendment, and other liberal totems, prevent a genuinely permanent method of such bonding, there is no reason why shorter term unionization (a term to coax liberal support, to be sure) would not be permissible—say, five to seven years, or the term most of these employees would once have heard a judge enunciate over their heads. Mobile food trucks, Port-o-sans, and other devices would bring essential services to these apprentice employees, while at the same time preventing them from resorting to typical "free time" activities such as gang rape, terrorizing subway passengers, and hurling old women out of apartment windows.

Transportation

We have wasted billions of dollars on over-designed, elaborate, luxurious transportation systems, such as San Francisco's BART, Sacramento's SART, and Fresno's FART, forgetting all the while that poor people are too stupid to understand how to use these systems. They constantly get lost, roam aimlessly about terminals, muck up rest rooms, and finally vent their rage by beating up conductors and stabbing passengers.

The answer is twofold: first, strip every remnant of luxury out of the mass transportation systems of our cities. This will make the poor comfortable. Perhaps cockroaches ought to be set free in the new system.

Second, do not give the poor any choice at all about where they are to go. Pull up huge trucks or vans at the centers of the poor neighborhoods—you will be able to tell where these are by the profusion of barbecue stands, lottery vendors, and wine bottles. Then load the poor people up and truck them somewhere into the central business district, or into residential neighborhoods where large numbers of elevator operators and do-

Mr. Kristalnight is Irving Hafturis Professor of Unconventional Wisdom at the Irving Institute of Menopausal Reconsiderations, located at Irvington, New York.

THIS MAN EARNED OVER \$700,000 LAST YEAR AS A RIGHTER



How many times have you read an article or listened to a speech by a famous right-winger and said to yourself, "I can do just as well as that guy, maybe better"? You probably have had equally good ideas and genuine commitment and dedication to the right-wing cause, but the other guys are getting all the limelight and making all the money. The reason? You don't know how to package and sell yourself.

Famous Righters' School was organized to teach you how to become a celebrated right-winger and earn big money in the fastest growing political cause in the world. Our distinguished faculty of experts are your teachers. In step-by-step, easy-to-understand lessons, they'll mold you into a powerful, dynamic, successful leader in the right-wing way of life. And you'll learn it all in the privacy of your own home.

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The Famous Righters School distinguished faculty includes: William Rusher, William Safire, William Rufus, the entire Buckley family, a selected group of its sycophants, and several eminent members of the Irishocracy.

Send now for our FOREVER FREE booklet: *My Country Right or What?*

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mestics are required. The odds are this is where most of the poor people are going anyway, and the unit operating cost of the system will drop drastically.

Education

By now, the only liberal who does not understand the need for discipline within the educational plant is Ramsey Clark, and he still believes that if we sit around campfires and sing Beatles songs, Idi Amin will become Ralph Bunche. The

question is, what kind of discipline will be most useful to the poor themselves?

The method used here, the so-called Jensen-Shockley prosocial reinforcement system, is one of the most promising devices. The use of water has been found to stimulate the poors' biologically natural tendency toward athletics: in the first three years of its use, 75 students received swimming and water polo scholarships to big ten universities; and the use of pets has proven highly effective with younger, albeit still dangerous, children.

NEGROES

The Dark Before the Storm

ERNEST VAN DEN HAGGEN-DAS

HAVING MADE "HUMAN RIGHTS" the pop slogan of a foreign policy modeled loosely on the Port Huron Statement, the Carter administration is apparently seeking to drag the reputation of the United States even lower in its recent joining of the arms embargo against South Africa. Arrogance and high-handedness are one thing, harmless if embarrassing to thinking Americans; but the serious mishandling of this potentially explosive situation is dangerous, both in terms of our national security interests and the future of Africa.

While it may be fashionable to heap scorn on the white government of South Africa, our moral indignation having recently been fueled by the sight of Rhodesia on the whipping block, we had better vent our righteousness in more appropriate quarters, lest we find our hands dripping with the blood of innocent whites before the next decade is out.

As they have been trying to tell us for quite some time now, the situation in South Africa is far too subtle and complex to allow for the kind of simplistic analogies Washington is wont to draw. For one thing, the South African Negro is generally tribal and largely primitive. While westernization may not be the most desirable goal of all third world people, the reality is that the black man there is no more capable of assuming control of a democratic governmental system than he is of scoring a golf game.

It also seems blatant hypocrisy to condemn the government of South Africa for making *de jure* what is *de facto* for all

people everywhere. Anyone who grasps the rudimentary principles of philosophy understands that "separate development," though an unattractive phrase, is a concept as rooted in the human condition as birth or death. We are all, each one of us, living and working and developing separately, whether we like to think of it that way or not. I would not expect my wife to work in my office or sleep in my bedroom: why, then, should we force black South Africans to do so?

Though one grows weary of hearing South Africa's beleaguered emissaries saying so, there is something to the charge that we Americans have much to achieve in the way of eradicating racial inequality within our own borders. Anyone who has ever driven through the streets of New York (this we assume to include most of the persons attending the current session of the United Nations) must surely grasp the difference between Harlem, black, crime-ridden, poor, and, say, Sutton Place, white, wealthy, as safe as doormen and private guards can make it. Those who govern houses of glass should refrain from hurling invectives at others, to paraphrase an old saying.

And if it is human rights the Carter administration is so concerned about, should we be coming down on South Africa with quite so much relish and moral weight while the Steve Bakkes and their ilk are being denied their right to an education in our own country? Is this what Washington and Andrew Young are so keen to bring upon the peoples of South Africa? Should they turn the sword of

racism upon their own?

That the Carter administration has chosen to take the lead from the third world demagogues at the United Nations and join in an embargo on arms to South Africa is particularly unfortunate. Free trade is, after all, the basic language of civilized nations. To deprive South Africa of the right to discourse with its fellow nations in the Free World in this

manner is to begin the slow process of strangulation that will lead, as it always has in the past, to a Communist government hostile to democracy. If Carter had ordered the subcontinent of Southern Africa gift-wrapped and mailed to Moscow, he could not have made the message any clearer. When darkness descends, there will be many a troubled conscience in Washington.

RELIGION

Stamping Out the Vermin Where the Grapes of Wrath Are Stored

R. KEITH MANO A MANO

MUNICH—UP A FEW MILLION FRANCS from King Louis XIII in a deuces wild stud poker game. Cardinal Richelieu was asked the ultimate question. "Tell me, Red," said the angry monarch, "do you believe in God?" The man of faith sipped his beer, but didn't look up as he raked in his chips. "Whatever you say, boss!"

Nobody knew it at the time, but Red's snappy reply was a landmark in the history of religious thought. In those good old days, you'll recall, kings (and hats off to the cunning monarch who first put this one over) were treated like God Himself. But Richelieu also remembered what Louis had told him the last time they had shared a taxicab: "Listen, honey, I am the state!" So Red put two and two together, and realized that in a pinch, the state was God. And thus, state religion was born.

Why bring this up now? When I see America's foundations being eroded by left-wing barnacles, it's time to get back to basics. Pollsters tell us that only 14 percent of all Americans have had a good hearty pray in the last five years. Even fewer can remember their Creator's name, or whether they voted for Him.

So with Armageddon approaching once again, we must move quickly. (Ah, but if Hitler had only the time to develop the microwave oven!) Over the years, only the great dictators have followed the traditions of state religion, restoring order out of chaos. ("The iron fist

soothes the vagina of anarchy"—Bismarck.) They've all used the "Catholic" racket to keep their banana-munching cane-choppers happy, and so far, so good. But let's face it, the U.S.A. needs stronger medicine. Not just some outdated dago mumbo-jumbo, but a truly *American* faith! Our own new state religion!

Here's how it would work: (1) No churches, no ministers, no messy pews. All ceremonies, confessions, and special events conducted by mail. Subscriptions at \$1,000 a year (tax-deductible) mandatory—only pennies a day. (2) Nominal head of the religion would be God, with occasional guest appearances by Orson Welles. (3) Liturgy based on *The Fountainhead*, *I Led Three Lives*, Montgomery Ward catalogs, and periodic screenings of *It's a Wonderful Life* starring Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed (PG). (4) Subscribers would be required to have a serious outlook, but zany diversions such as singing in the rain, falling in love again, or keeping your sunny side up would be allowed. (5) All subscribers would get official-looking certificates to prove that they're bearers of ONE human soul (suitable for framing).

Streamlined, clean, and most efficient. And I'm proud to say that modern science is squarely behind me. My colleague at United Technologies (the people who discovered the link between the Big Mac and sickle-cell anemia) tells me that in six months, the difference be-

(Continues on page 919)

I CAN PROVE: NIGGERS ARE DINOSAURS!

It's true! Most biologists from Harvard and other centers of so-called learning will tell you niggers are related to gorillas. WRONG! WRONG! WRONG! I have CONCLUSIVE proof that niggers are actually TINY DINOSAURS!

LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FACTS!

- Niggers have brains the size of peas!
- Niggers commit COLD-BLOODED murder without thinking about it!
- Nigger skin can be used for handbags and other accessories!



NEED MORE PROOF? Let me deliver to you the amazing fruits of my amazing research, sent by registered mail to many prominent biologists INCLUDING several NOBEL NIGGER RESEARCH PRIZE WINNERS! Just send \$12.95 to WFB Books, Inc., Bristol, Conn.

I CAN PROVE: GOD WROTE THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH!

Seem impossible? Why? God can write any goddamn language he pleases! Why *wouldn't* he write the Bible in English?



LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FACTS:

- Every copy of the Bible you've ever read has been in English!
- Bible is an English word! And so is God!
- The Bible makes no sense in Latin!

SEND NOW for widely acclaimed material proving that God revealed the Bible in English, but why Semites translated it for their own purposes into Jew and other nonsensical tongues. Receive by return mail SAMPLES OF GOD'S HANDWRITING! These priceless pieces of calligraphy from many centuries B.C. PROVE BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT that God spoke English before the Picts wore wool, and wrote beautiful cursive script long before the Age of the Osmond.

Send just \$22.95 to WFB Bible Books, Bristol, Conn.

I CAN PROVE: ELEANOR ROOSEVELT BLEW DOGS FOR NICKELS AND GAVE CHANGE!

You knew, I knew, the Old Man knew, and boy, did Fala know!



LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FACTS:

- E. Roosevelt had the sides of her mouth sewn up permanently in 1943!
- The president's wife carried a cab driver's change-maker with her at all times!
- The Communist Party U.S.A. requires daily dog-blowing by all its card-carriers!

NEED MORE PROOF? I've got it! Fotos, soiled doilies, pathetic bodies of Chihuahuas *masitiated beyond recognition!* For the whole grisly story, send just \$32.95 to WFB Books, Woof Woof Dept., Bristol, Conn.

SAFARI!

ERITREA! SOMALIA! LEBANON!
RHODESIA! ANGOLA! MOZAMBIQUE!
BAG THE BIG BUCKS!

Reds! Nationalists! Pan-Africans!

Now, Dirty Lars Sinbad takes you on a once-in-a-lifetime hunt through the trouble spots of the dark continent! No worry about tiresome game laws, protected species! Dirty Lars Sinbad takes you only to free fire zones, where everything you bag you keep, to mount or eat AS YOU WISH! Write now to Dirty Lars Sinbad, Safaris, Capetown, S.A. The only legal safaris left in all of Africa!

Christopher and his Kin

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A book of ours came across our desk this morning and, *ceteris paribus*, we found it more than a little amusing. It is a simple little epistle, but withal an interesting one, concerning a voyage that we undertook with our young son Christopher on the occasion of our having finished the complete harpsichord transcription of the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas.

We found our prose to be concise and our observations, *mutatis mutandis*, quite amusing, though we do wish that our arguments against collectivism had been a little more closely reasoned. As our *confrère*, Plimpton, would have it, we left our opponent reeling on the ropes instead of curtailing his agony with a well-placed *mot juste*.

We were heartened to find that we agreed with ourself when we observed that perhaps the nay-sayers, do-gooders, me-tooers, and one-worlders would do better to spend more time on their yachts in the company of our handsome young son, Christo-

pher. Casting our memory back to that zephyr-graced afternoon, we are amazed to note that we did not dwell more on the primal symbolism (*pace* Janov) of our son's pert pectoral muscles arching to meet the lashing of the briny spray. We might take it upon ourself to suggest that in future editions of this otherwise splendid little volume, greater space be devoted to exploring the intricacies of heredity that give the work its title. Not the least amongst these would be a moral reevaluation of certain acts between consenting adults at present prescribed by God and man (though not by Yale).

Heirborne

by William F. Buckley, Jr.

(Buckleybooks, 110 pp., \$8.95).

New and Notable

SILLY CLEVER QUOTATIONS FROM MY BRAIN, William F. Buckley, Jr. (Buckleybooks, \$12.95)

MCCARTHY'S I HAVE KNOWN: CHARLIE AND MARY, William Buckley (Buckleybooks, \$11.95)

BIG BILLY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK OF BITING BUCKLEYISMS, Bill Buckley, Jr. (Buckleybooks, \$10.95)

UNPATRIOTIC GORE, W. F. Buckley, Jr. (Buckleybooks, \$9.95)

APHORISM IS BETTER THAN NONE, B. Buckley, Jr. (Buckleybooks, \$8.95)

THAT NIGGER WANTS YOUR MAMA, W. F. B., Jr. (Buckleybooks, \$.25)

Inside Lillian Hellman

The American conservative movement has always had a hard spot in its heart for Ms. (*sic*) Lillian Hellman. Something about her has consistently made the American conservative movement stand a little more erect, has made the blood surge to its extremities, the very veins bulge in its ample neck. Not that the fault lies at its, the American conservative movement's, door. Far from it. The Ugly Un-American has racked

A Weekly Column of Opinion No. 432

up a record of treason and immorality that would induce apoplexy in the Little Flower. The American conservative movement need hardly redocument the years of unmarried bliss with a known Red (and a drunk and a purveyor of pulp trash at that): the haleyon days of Stalinism as that slaughterer's apprentice on these shores; the the duplicitous whining when her salary, ten times inflated by her Kremlinist cronies, was reduced tenfold by her refusal to cooperate with an avenging monster which by her subversion she had helped to create: the twilight years (let us pray they are) of prevarication, *non-apologia pro vita sua*, aiding and abetting, as she danced Hellman's Maonaise, that tergiversatious terpsichore of traitors, with the (free) loathers of free-

dom, the pettifogging little foxiness of her twisted *contes*, the shameless self-peddling, sneers, lies, curls of the lip, tosses of the *perruque*, flaps of the dewlap, all in all a damned poor showing, by God. Let it never be said that the American conservative movement merely *despises* la Hellman. Zounds, no—or as she might say in her basso-not-so-profondo, *nyet, nu, nah*—whatever. The American conservative movement doesn't care about Lillian Hellman. It cares as little for Lillian as she cares for the liberties it is trying to preserve. And if she responds, as well she may, that she doesn't care that the American conservative movement doesn't care, well, double anything she says. With knobs on. Frankly, it is only a
(Continues on page 769)

EURONAZISM

text by Tony Hendra, models by Luck and Flaw

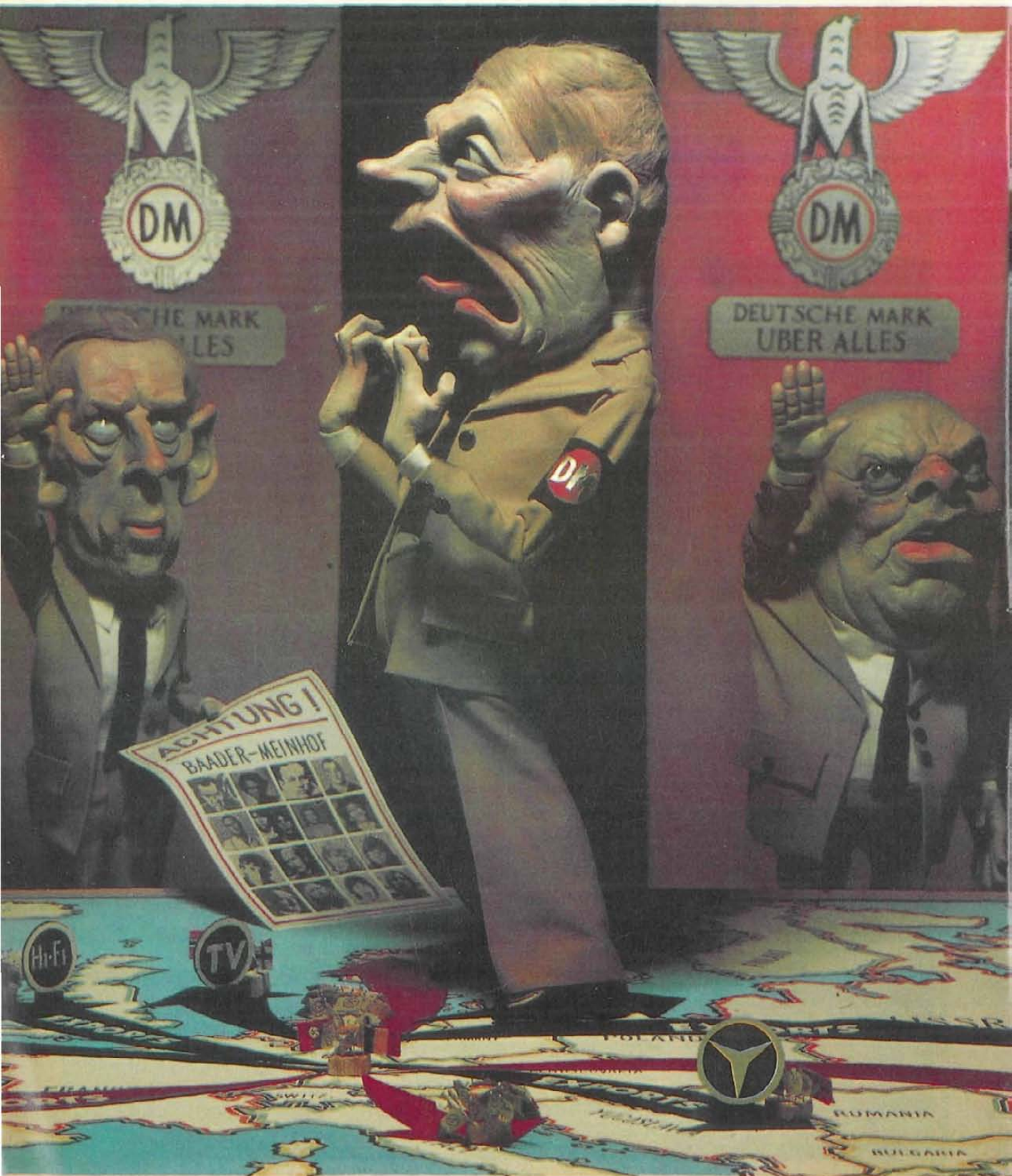
Europe, as Americans know so well, has always been supremely able to settle her own affairs. Inevitable then that once Eurocommunism reared its hot-combed head, a necessary counterforce would appear to provide a bulwark against its well-mannered march towards First World domination.

Eurocommunism, in case you've been into some other trip recently, is the new political fad that's sweeping the capitals of the old countries. (And we use the word *capital* advisedly.) It's the product of some very with-it, creative young minds who perceived that the problem with traditional Communism was that it had a bad PR image. In ex-



photographs by John Lawrence Jongs

ITALY: It is said of the late Vince Lombardi that the people loved him because he made the runners train on time. Vince was, in fact, an early Euronazi—he kidnapped young men and made large amounts of money out of various parts of their bodies. The gent above is likewise indulging in creative kidnapping. Not only does he raise much-needed trillions for the cause, but also, through careful choice (a Getty, a Pappa, the odd captain of industry), he thrills the masses. Incidentally, our superhero is only dressed up because he's at home, hosting the hostages. By day, he manages a small pasta plant and resembles nothing so much as a pleasingly plump Pacino.



GERMANY: If Hitler had been a businessman, the war might have been over much sooner. As it is, history has thrown the occasional obstacle into the relentless march of ruthlessly efficient products across your *lebensraum*. Now, however, all is quiet on the export front—except for a few misfits who can always be expected to do the decent thing if placed alone in a room with a loaded cop. And the future? Axis no questions—we sell you no lies.

haustive surveys, they found that Europeans evinced totally nonpositive responses to Communists. Forty-eight percent thought Communists were "scary"; 52.7 percent thought Communists were "bogey men"; and fully 88 percent connected them with "revolution." Only 9 percent of all Europeans "didn't know," and they were Soviet spies.

So the folks with the Communist account set about cre-

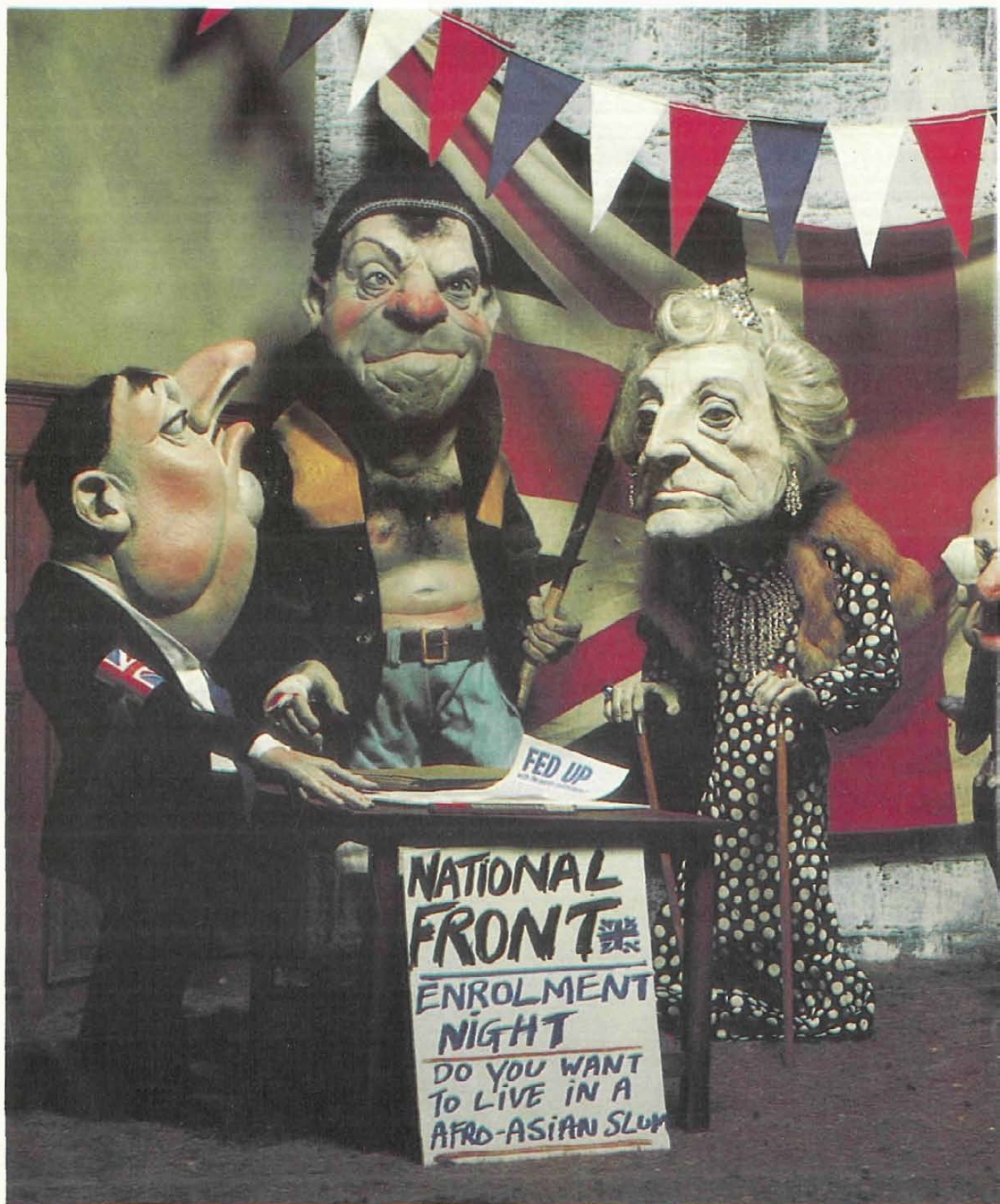
ating a whole new political system—one that would appeal to the most petty of bourgeois, and one that would work with, rather than against, capitalism towards its inevitable downfall.

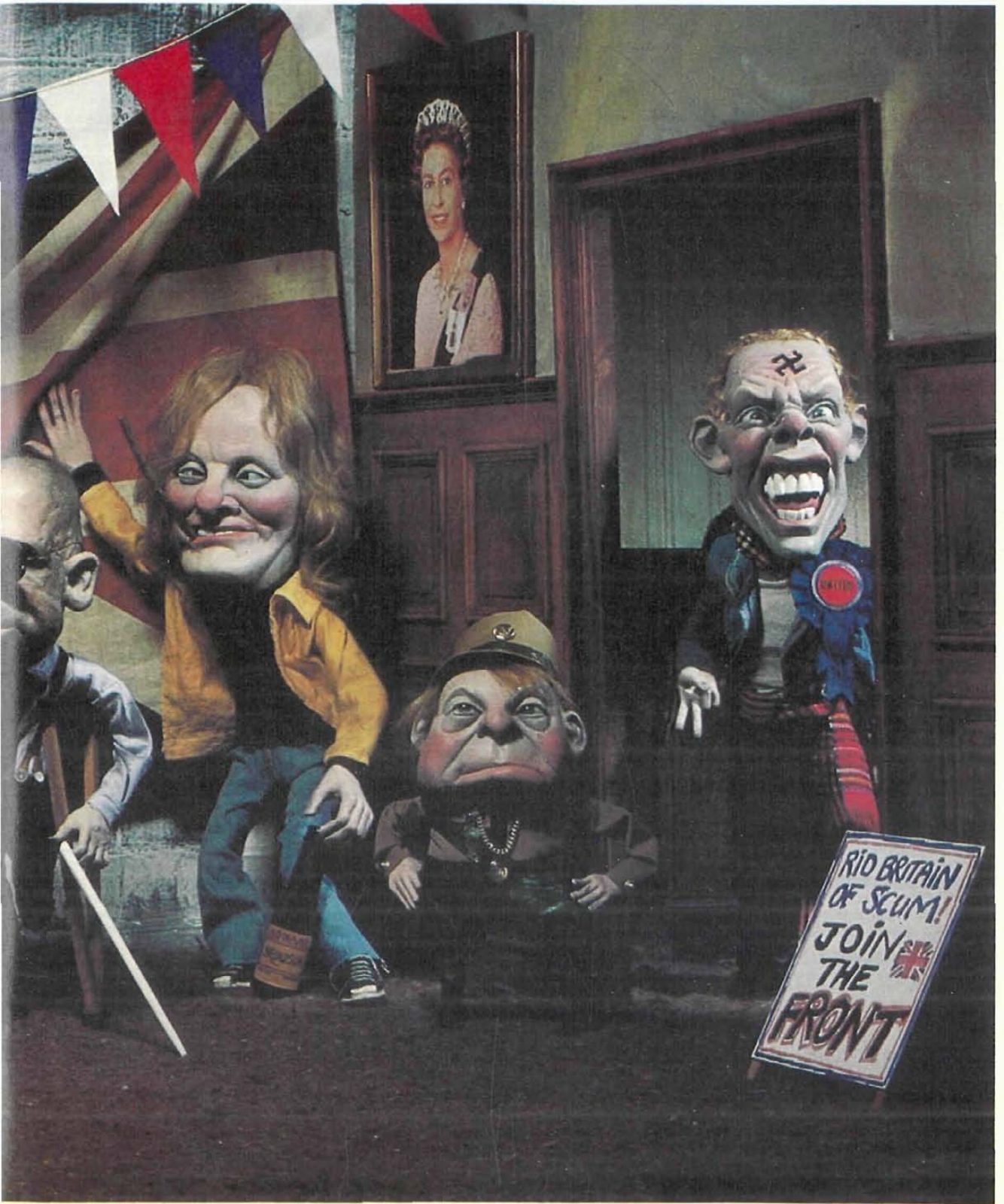
Luckily, there were Europeans around who saw through this Red ruse. They realized that before long, the Holy Roman would be overrun by Bolsheviks with fat bank ac-



FRANCE: If the boot fits, lick it. We know it's obvious, but, eh bien, quiet days at cliché.

U.K.: The National Front sounds like Joe McCarthy's ultimate nightmare. In fact, it's his ultimate wet dream. A sturdy bunch of hard-drinking yeomen whose only dream is to rid the world of reggae-crazed seven-foot West Indians. We wish them luck. The lady dowager is the world-renowned Impunity Mitford.







SPAIN: The right-left-center Hidalgos of Juan "Call Me King" Carlos are determined to root out the Falange wherever they find it—to kick it, crush it, stamp on it, discipline it, torture its wife, rape its kids, even, when necessary, to convert it. Viva el anti-neo-pro-Eurofascismo!

counts, changing the spelling of *Common Market*, nationalizing royalty, and God knows what else. What was needed was the tried and true defense: Nazism—but a new, improved Nazism; a Nazism free of the old jackboots-and-Guernica image.

Accordingly, they, too, set about creating an upbeat, "now" political system, with none of the drab old packaging, offensive odors, or uncontrollable side effects. A Fascism without fuehrers, a democratic demagoguery, a nonsectarian Aryanism. It's secret ballots, not secret bullets. It's lifestyles, not death camps. It's semantics, not anti-Semites. It's the media blitz, the PR putsch, the ouch-

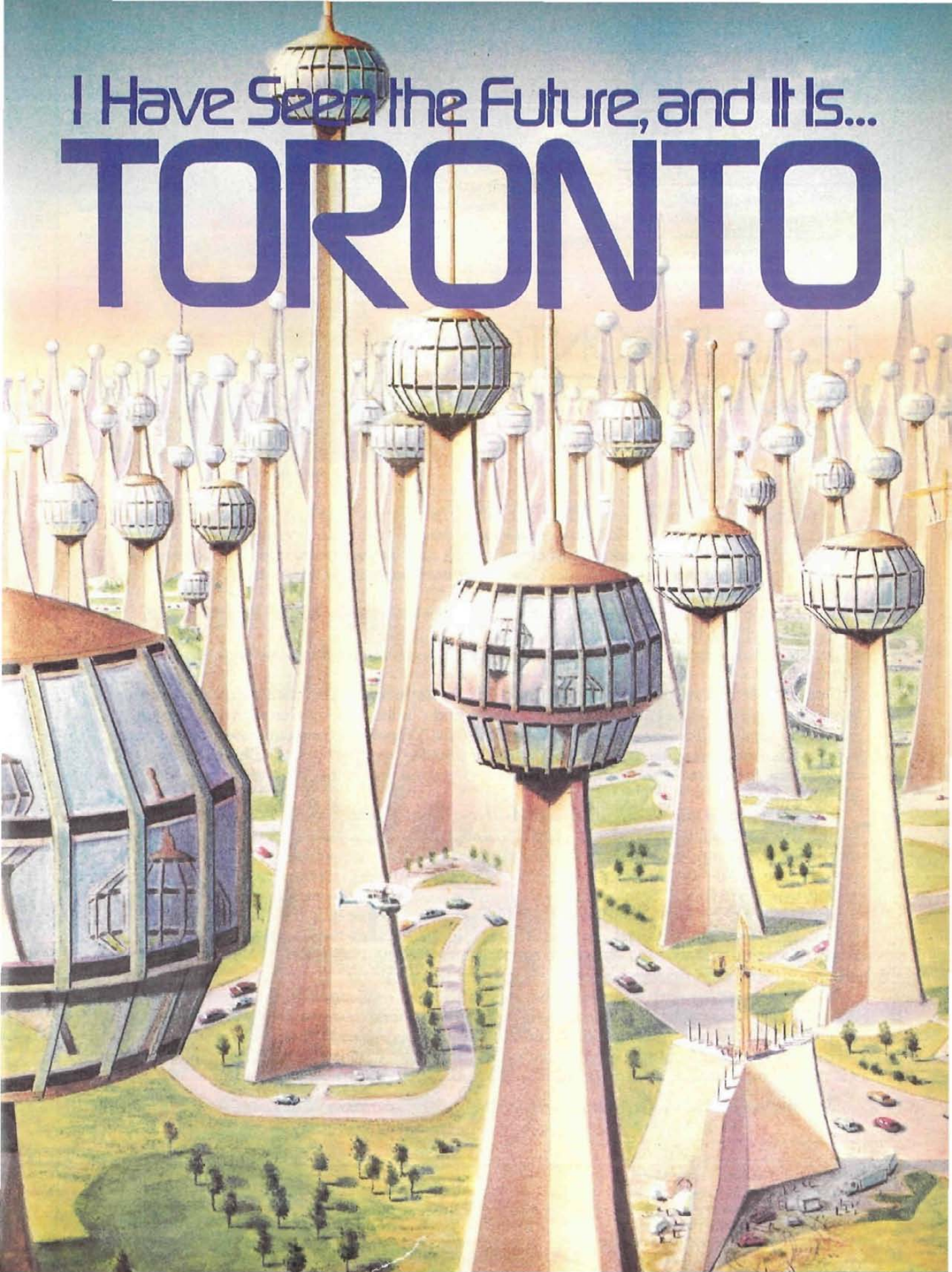
less anschluss. It's brownshirts by Cardin. It's well-dressed, well-read, well-bred—the "please" state, if you will; a master race open to all so long as they agree about wogs and private property. In a word—Euronazism.

It has been said that if Lenin had been a Eurocommunist, he would have obtained a license from Czar Nicholas to import hammers and sickles into Mother Russia under state supervision. And if Hitler had been a Euronazi, he would have donned a yarmulke and stuffed himself full of kosher franks every four years or so, to get the Jewish vote.

Now, what was that about the good old days?

I Have Seen the Future, and It Is...

TORONTO



DEAR TORONTO: A LOVE LETTER TO A CITY



Larry Sneed, "Writer."

Like so many young, multit talented Canadians of my generation, I "up and left" Toronto some years ago. I've been out here in L.A. (Los Angeles) "making it" (I've done several pilots for network television, more than a few screenplay treatments, etc.), and, as you can imagine, I've developed a real taste for the so-called "good life"—for a swinging, cosmopolitan kind of lifestyle (Jacuzzis, premieres, discos, you name it).

So when I tell you that my recent visit to Toronto (for a family funeral—but that's another story) "blew my mind," you have some idea of where I'm "coming from."

Toronto, that dowdy old lady of a town, has grown up, and blossomed into one heck of a beautiful young chick!

Honestly, "Metro" Toronto reminds me so much of L.A., it's uncanny! The intimate, almost *invisible* downtown area that mere tourists can never seem to find. ("Is this Los Angeles we're in?" "Uh-uh, baby, Van Nuys!" "Is this Toronto here?" "Nope, Don Mills!") Those steel and concrete monuments to progress that create an almost distinctive skyline, in addition to providing vaultable office space that might be needed in the future. The little shops so "hip" you ask yourself—"Who needs New York?" And film production.

In fact, some of the guys in my game—movies—have actually begun to call Toronto "Hollywood North." With a far-sighted government providing tax loopholes big enough for potential investors to drive a Brinks through, and National Film Board-trained technicians willing to work for scale, why you can't hardly tell Bay and Bloor from Hollywood and Vine, except for the slush.

Time was when young Torontonians, such as myself, used to head across the border to Buffalo for a good time Saturday night. Well, these days, the shoe is on the other side of the border, with Buffalonians "trekking" up to Toronto for a little night life! Which ever way you "swing," there's a beverage lounge or disco here where you can meet more of your kind of people. And for continental cuisine, "TO's" restaurants can't be beat in L.A. or anywhere.

It's a crazy town, a go-get-'em town, with a lively artistic set, big league (American League) sports, its very own stock exchange, clearly defined neighborhoods for ethnic people, a subway... something for everyone, and a tradition of middle-class English hospitality, to boot.

So, believe you me, from now on, any time business or family matters summon me back, yours truly will be only to glad to hop aboard that Air Canada turbojet and return to Toronto.

"Toronto the Good," they used to call her. But in my opinion, she's now "Toronto the Great!"

Sincerely,

Larry Sneed
Hollywood, U.S.A.

IT'S SUCH A CLEAN CITY!

Toronto Has Found the Final Solution to the Litter Problem

On March 2, Litter Commissioner Trevor Houghenstein hacked through the festive chain strung across the firebox Bombay doors of Metro's new multimillion dollar garbage disposal center, dubbed Big Boy.

In his dedication speech at the ceremony, Commissioner Houghenstein addressed the 200 workers at Big Boy thus: "Your job is essential, but you would do well to remember that you yourselves are not. So don't go shirking or putting whiskey in your thermos bottles."

The Big Boy incinerator is the largest urban refuse disposal unit in the free world, and, when operating at top capacity, is capable of digesting a discarded CN locomotive as easily as it can gobble up an empty Green River dinner wine bottle tossed in the gutter after the contents have numbed the conscience of the consumer.

He keeps the sidewalks, roadways, kingsways, queensways, and back streets of Toronto as neat and clean as any tourist could ask.

Say Al Grnsxkz, a "feeder" at the plant, "Big Boy likes nothing better than a good hefty grind. He's two square blocks of stationary arson. Breakfast today is a disused pier, a rusting freighter hull, an unlicensed prestressed concrete warehouse, 200 pounds of Mars Bars wrappers, and the more pink-eyed bull-sized dock rats the better. And you can bet Big Boy'll be hungry before lunch."

Big Boy was developed at the request of Metro's Litter Commission to work in partnership with the city's elite litter commandos. Together, they form an unbeatable tag team that has broken the back of the refuse problem.

Shorty McPeeewe, spokesman for Toronto's ruling junta, "The Wee Gang o' Thrrree," puts it this way: "We made a perfect city here. Our only problem was mess. Rubbish, gum wrappers, dirt, grime, rust, smut, indigents, loiterers, corner boys, wastrels, empties, Pakis, and other rubbish defacing the geometry of our streets. Big Boy's taken care of that lot, and we're mickle proud of him!"

A bearded, bespectacled French-type ecologist (who obtained his "degree" after cutting sugar cane in Cuba one summer), once claimed that the trash Big Boy scoured from Metro's streets falls upon the outlying farm districts in the form of ashy metallic nodules "big enough so they kick holes through the roof of a cow." To such criticism, Big Boy returns a fiery grin and a belch. He's too damn busy to say, "Pardonnez-moi!"



Shoulder flash of Toronto elite litter commandos...blitz clean!

WEE HANDY FACTS

LOCATION

Metropolitan Toronto runs south to meet the pleasantly scented waters of Lake Ontario, and north a two-days subway ride into a land where a pie set to cool on the windowsill will keep for a year. Development holdings extend from Atlantic to Pacific ("Canada").

GOVERNMENT

Metropolitan Toronto ("Metro") presents an extremely stable political picture. The city is governed by the Council of Three (McNastie, McBrutish, and MacShorte), representing respectively law enforcement, labor, and business.

POPULATION

Powerful Scots .00000003 percent, real Canadians 20 percent, wildlife 10 percent, others 69.00000007 percent.

OFFICIAL LANGUAGES

English, Credit.

CURRENCY

The Toronto dollar is officially valued at .91 U.S. dollars. Vending machines accept American coinage. All currencies easily convertible to Toronto dollars.

IMPORTS

Volvos, Head tennis racket covers, novelists, big machines, small machines, cowards, medium-sized machines, black sticky goo, lifestyles, Chink fallout, Jap industrial spies.

EXPORTS

Grain (ground-up farmers' hats no more than 2 percent), profits, oil, profits, minerals, brains, profits, dead seals, water, Eskimo sphincter sculpture, profits, fish, ice, profits.

MAJOR INDUSTRIES

Heavens, yes! Plenty! Lots of them! You bet! Okay! A-1 Roger! And still growing! (With your help!)

CLIMATE

Year-round indoor climate ranges between 68 degrees and 79 degrees. Twenty-four-hour lighting available. Minor outdoor climatic anomalies currently being remedied by Russian dissident scientists.

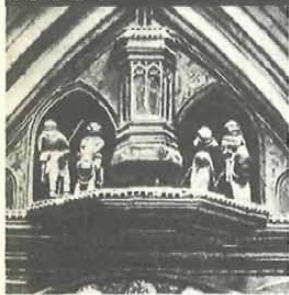
CAPITAL

The capital of Toronto is conservatively administered, according to established Scotto-Torontonian banking practice. Unlike Switzerland, Toronto has never been invaded, looted, or crossed by elephants.

TORONTO—YOU CAN BANK ON US

Toronto banks have a rapidly expanding reputation among investors with money in their pockets and brains in their heads. Of the world's two great banking systems, Toronto offers the widest variety of services, from checks bearing color pictures of your wife on a snowmobile to contacts and contracts with local official and government. Despite the fact that the Swiss, long held to be the greatest bankers in the world, have taken an unreasonably pessimistic attitude with regard to Torontonian banking, our financial industry continues to grow by leaps and bounds. Free checking, too.

FACT



Swiss Bank



Toronto Bank

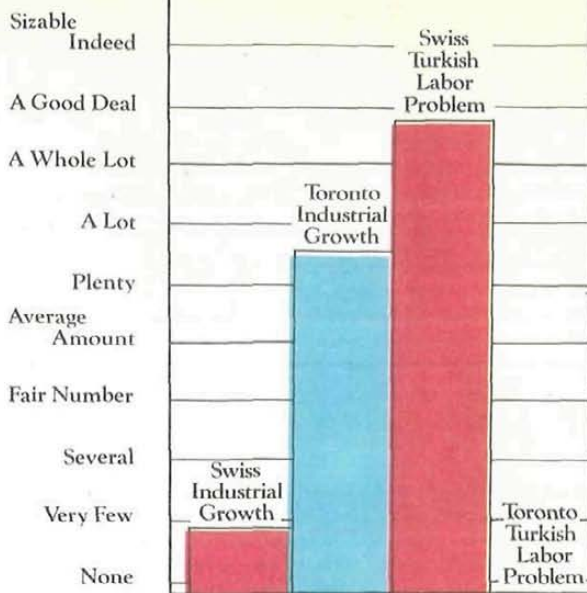


Swiss Banker



Toronto Banker

FACT



FACT



IN TORONTO, YOUR MONEY SAFE AS HOUSES

In every major city, there are disruptive elements at loose in the population, and if they are allowed to get out of hand, they hook the sausages and run like curs left untended in a butcher shop. That cannot happen here; in Toronto, your money is as safe as a shiny new dime taped to the bottom of your tongue.

We are not saying there are no subversive groups in Toronto, just that they are less threatening than the chess game of an autistic child. Here for your study is a list of major disruptive influences, compiled from information held in the files of the Toronto Police Department.

1) Lakefront Socialists. Formed 1971. Infiltration-revealed rumors they received money and orders from Oslo had no foundation in truth—their intent

(accomplished 1973) was to purchase identical summer homes on lakefront property. Since that time they have ceased to be active politically, although reports suggest they continue to share lawn mowers, towels, and baby sitting duties. If no further activity, surveillance scheduled to terminate 1985.

2) French Canadians. French Canadian problem negligible. Their access to Toronto is limited, due to a lack of busfare. Operative in their territory indicates that since all the money has fled "Quebec," there are no banks to loot, and they are reduced to robbing each other of used rosaries and UNESCO bean vouchers. Three Frenchmen in Toronto employed by the Toronto Broadcasting Corporation spend their time "blowing" Gaulois, trying on clothes,

and writing laudatory letters to local newspapers about Jerry Lewis with postscripts suggesting that people who claim Marshall McLuhan is a stooge of the atomic mole people are merely "jalouse." They shave with straight razors (all registered with TPD) for the "existential risque."

3) Litterbugs. Toronto PD's elite Litter Commandos have these knaves firmly in hand. If an immigrant so much as trails a sari or drops a nose hair, he or she is hauled before the litter commission almost before the detritus hits the ground. First offenders find themselves sweating out sherbets and curries, shovel in hand, before the gaping infernal maw of the Big Boy incinerator. Big Boy likes to snack on second offenders.

4) Scofflaws. None of these at large.

WOMEN PLAY THEIR ROLE

Torontonians know the value of a good woman—and a full 51 percent of this great city consists of just that: good women. Unlike their more flamboyant, boisterous covaginites elsewhere, in this perhaps too free world, Toronto women want nothing more than a piece of the action, and they're ready to act out their roles to get it.

What is a Toronto woman? A recent Statistics Toronto survey helps to profile the ideal. She stands no taller than five feet, has wide hips, a dark complexion, and raven tresses. Our Average Torontoette loves to cook four hearty meals a day, while subsisting herself on Dr. Ballard's Beef Hearts. She wants to marry a real Canadian or landed immigrant, but will "fuck" or bear children for overseas investors. She speaks two languages, English and baby talk. As she plans a large family, she readily endorses government-encouraged cheap labor.

Toronto women love to work. Their preferred career areas are: (1) housewife; (2) waitress; (3) waitress; (4) mother; (5) waitress.



Typical Toronto woman. Teeming with those energy-loaded X chromosomes, she gets her kicks helping out three nights a week at the Toronto Transit Scabs Hall, wiping ashtrays with her "smalls!"

SWISS OUTLOOK GLOOMY; OVERCAST

Held in a vise being wound ever tighter by the pink twins of Europe, Italy and France, Switzerland, a tiny nation with a reputation for financial acumen, is showing signs its tiny head will pop under the pressure.

Leading financial analysts in Toronto say that putting your money in Switzerland today is about as safe as salting it away in a mattress of a Calcutta men's hostel. In desperate last-ditch attempts to goose up their flagging economy, the gnomes of Zurich have resorted to selling the names of their numbered account holders to "swingers" magazines.

Let's take a hard, realistic look at the Swiss "economy." How can a modern nation continue to base its currency on chocolate and ex-Nazi bullion sunk long ago into the silt of Lake Geneva? A nation whose major export was flummoxed two years ago when the market was flooded with Japanese digital cuckoo clocks? It's about time we faced the fact that their future is as shot full of holes as their gritty goat cheese.

So let us leave this nation of diminutive money mavens sitting in their sunset at the end of a jetty in Lake Geneva, fishing with magnets for the nickels cast there by honeymooning Torontonians. It may be a Turk's idea of paradise, but Torontonians—and wise investors—don't need to have the bottoms ripped off their skis! Good-bye Gstaad, hello Haliburton!

RIGHT TO LIFESTYLE

Ten years ago, a popular saying went, you could fire a cannon from one end of Younge Street to the other without hitting anyone. Today, your first shot would probably hit two or three colorful cosmopolites.

Toronto has come into its own. It teems with restaurants so charged with decor and ambience you'd think that good taste had been tamped into them by Tokyo subway train stuffers. There are continental restaurants, American plan hotels, and sensual boutiques selling Canadian erotic aids (Kleenexes, Sen Sen, toothbrushes, combs, and even the formerly illegal Northern Highlights lipstick). Pinball has been legal for five years, and Toronto premieres of motion pictures are common in local theaters.

We have compiled a partial list of nightclubs and restaurants to help the investing visitor find his way around Toronto.

RESTAURANTS

All restaurants listed serve three types of wine: Prestigious red, distinguished white, and exotic rosé. Ask about Green River liqueur.

SCOTTISH

Timothy "Good" Eaton's Public School Dining. Boiled fish and cold plate is specialty. Wee gang o' thurree eat oats here on their annual dining out day. "Eat or be damned, eat and be damned, we're all cold porridge in the eyes of the Lord. You can't save your soul, but you can save your money." Price: willing hands and a contrite heart. 666 Avenue of the Elect.

UKERANIAN

The Black Market. Hot food some days, not much for pretty, pretty much for strong. Free Ukeranian political prisoner! Prices vary. 343 Bloor Street East.

FRENCH

L'Auberge Garbage. White stucco walls, beaucoup tapettes dancing and boule dyque fighting poster. Jerry Lewis dines here when in town. Piano styling of le jazz nègre twenty years ago. 91 Avenue Road. Prices très chère.

ARAB

The Greasy Palm. Famous for kid seethed in its mothers milk and Sultan Dick's fetid cheesecake. Mussulmen on the half shell, eat all you want at our salad bar, nice blond boys eat free after opening hours. 751 Crooked Alley of the Daughters of the Donkey.

BRITISH

Boogers. Formerly the *Phunging Pound*. Boiled meat. Boiled potatoes. Boiled fish. Mostly cold. Reconstituted freeze-dried Guinness on tap. Chard Cross Road. Sign of the puking stoat.

NIGHTCLUBS

A whole new concept in young workers' recreation has sprung up in Toronto: punk rock. It keeps these energetic young workers off the streets and out of your hotel room. They punk in their ears till they puke, and they don't ask for time-and-a-half.

Pogie's. Regular appearances by the Who Talk Back to their Parents. Special from New York: Barbed Wire Enemy. Lead singer Dave Hitler says, "I like to eat leukemia."

Whippersnappers. Featured house bands are Damn You and the Very Wicked Fellows, the Negroes, and Mike and the Restaurant Check Dodgers. Special double bill from New York: Child Abuse and the Third-Degree Burns. They'd sniff Paki's puke if they thought it was glue. Also, the Sidewalk Bombers. They like to jump from tall buildings and kill shoeshine boys.

HELP US, HELP YOURSELF

Immigrants are the building blocks of the new Toronto. Arriving in a strange, clean land, many might find it difficult and confusing for the first few days. But they soon come to understand and gratefully accept the new life Toronto offers them.

An immigrant arrives on the shores of Toronto. He lines up to take his place with his immigrant fellows. In a generation or less, depending on diligence, a new immigrant may clamber up the social ladder, at first aspiring only to become a Pakistani, then pausing a generation or two to catch his breath before inching upwards to become Natural Wildlife, while far above him—almost as far as he can see—looms the proud pinnacle of Second Generation Italianhood, with its black naugahyde La-Z-Boys and plastic furniture slipcovers. Of course, the Scottish or English immigrant, fleeing the foundering isle of his birth, has some slight advantage in speaking the tongue of Toronto, in however halting a fashion. These cap-carrying, forelock-rugging third cousins arrive almost as equals of the Pakistani. With application and British bulldog tenacity, they can sidestep the Wildlife stage, and often become petty civil servants before you can say, "Turn again, Dick Whittington."



Dave Smith, proud second-generation Italian. "Come Toronto, Mister Investor. I builda you a rock garden, use the money for my daughter's wedding to your son!"



Trevor Field, recently of Trenchtown, Jamaica. "I and I people, mon, come to pick de fruit. But sometime me feel like me wanna commit some horrible crime."



T. Atkins, petty civil servant. "If I had any money myself, I would put it in Toronto. Investments. That sort of thing. You know what I mean."



Соединенных Штатов мериквоединенныхерик мтато. Америк ов иненных та едтнымерик нен атовединехо. Шт ов диосерикме нньтат их.

STRONG BACKS BOOST PROFITS: IMMIGRANTS ARE TORONTO'S "FOREIGN AID"

Sometimes an economy grows so fast that native workers literally can't breed fast enough to keep pace with demand for their services. When this happens, a great city must look beyond its own borders to satisfy its needs. Such is the case with Toronto. Below are a few samples of the kind of advertisements placed in the world's great newspapers to attract the right sort of immigrant to Toronto.

Athens, January 1, Friday

HEY YOU! YOU GREEK?

Hey! Come here. You! Turks out of Cypress, right? Right! You Greek! Hey you like work! Damn right you Greek! Homer was Greek! You Greek. Socrates was a man! You a man. Right? You Greek man! You want to work hard? Damn right! You come Toronto. No Turk. Work hard Othassis Greek! You Greek. Get rich, open Italian restaurant. Toronto! You like drive taxi. Got plenty Toronto! Okey dokay Gus! See Heresearch of Toronto. Near Forum. Hurry up! 28 Betuphukimwork for Ous Grove.

Mary Gurily of the National Christmas Tree Association said that there might even be shortages in a areas.

Friday, January 1, 1976. The Times of India

Care To Be Retained as Working Fellow?

If your response to the above inquiry was a fleet. "Yes, by Jupiter," then you might be the sort of good scout so sought after by nation-type area of renovation, Toronto. Ask yourself these questions: Are my arms long and of sufficient strength? Is my back distinguished for resilience? Do I play up and not let the side down? If your answer is hearty and affirmative, you may desist from further soul numbing Report with dispatch and all belongings but swiss and mooring fellows or trying chaps to the Consul Sahib of Toronto, 190 House Bazarar of the Crimps and Gritters.

David said that with special services in ion, high-

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to be hold in the assembly hall of Hoo e. College, Par Ave, and "

The hearing will be

A PROUD CULTURAL BREAKTHROUGH AT THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY OF TORONTO: "THE CANADIAN WING"

At a time when European painters were dashing off decadent doodles, and American artists were dabbling in offensive abstracts, there arose in that area of Metro Toronto then called North Ontario seven clean-living young men whose love of nature and willingness to paint what nature had put there to be painted thrust them to the forefront of the world art scene, and created a mini-industry in postcards and postage stamps. They called themselves the group of seven, after the number of them there was in the group.

At the height of his powers, their acknowledged leader, Tom "Tom" Tompson, died, young and tragically, in a mysterious and typical boating accident



upon one of the woodland lakes he loved so well. His last painting, perhaps his masterpiece, surfaced only recently, and

is now on exhibit in the Canadian Wing, on permanent loan from the Library in Owen Sound, Ontario.



The Barn (photo by Linda Loveless)

The young, creative members of the Maggy Trudeau Music Appreciation and Photography Club have "shot" some exciting "snaps," which they have had developed by Direct Film, Inc., and exhibited here in the Canadian Wing. Through their careful Kodaks, photography has risen to the level of real "art." One would be hard put, in the words of Toronto critic T. P. Quirk, "to distinguish Ms. Loveless's work from a painting"

Barn (acrylic, 64" x 72") by R. de Vark.

A member of Toronto's nondecadent magic superrealism school, de Vark has rendered a work so accurate, so still-lifelike, so downright realistic, that, in the words of Toronto critic Nathan Nearlywhite, "It might as well be a photograph." It requires "at least a year" of de Vark's life to render each of these "views from my window," as he calls them.

TORONTO, MY TORONTO

A swinger's guide to "what's happening"

by Fiona Fanfare

Hogtown? Forget it! Toronto has come of age, with a glittering vengeance. Once the dulllest city in Canada (and thus, on earth), the new Toronto is a bustling whirlwind of good living, for those who know how to live. Toronto is suddenly chic.

And no wonder. Wander with me along some of the "main drags" and back streets of Ontario's provincial capital. From the old world charm of "trendy" Cabbagetown to the "space-age" excitement of the CN Tower: the boutiques, the restaurants, the swinging heart of downtown cry out, "Now!"

Let's begin, then, in Cabbagetown. Once a slum district, chock-a-block with dreadful, smelly rooming houses full of "winos" or worse, the area has been transformed. First one brave soul, then another, then a trickle, then a flood began to buy up the dirt-cheap houses and make them livable again. Instead of keeping the poor people and immigrants downtown, the way most of our American cities do, we took it back, and sent them to the suburbs. And oh! what a difference it makes! The dreary brick rooming houses now veritably smile with their sandblasted faces, their white painted interiors, their cheeky "carriage lamps"! And the district has blossomed with the best places to shop. Climbing plants to brighten your studio-loft and set off the stained-glass fan light! If it's chic, it can be found within a few blocks' walk. And withal, the neighborhood remnants, the "local color," that make it so dear: the family hardware, the panhandler at the liquor store, the crazy lady on the corner with nowhere to go: this is still Cabbagetown!

Like it? There's more. I'll pick you up at 11:00 (no need to rush into things!) and we'll head straight for (where else?) downtown! Yorkville, where we go to see and be seen, to find out what's the latest in what to wear, how to look, who to be. The shops, spilling their opulence through jewel-like windows, beckon. Yves Saint Laurent towels, underwear that's "naughty but nice," imported chocolates at \$12 a pound (does your sweet tooth deserve less?)—the panoply of choice makes one's mouth actually water (and one's wallet cry "Uncle," but why not?).

Lunch: there's only one place to go that matters. The Courtyard Café of the Windsor Arms Hotel, Toronto's best hotel for those in the know. Past the overstuffed chairs in the lobby, cute and

comfy, like a remnant from *les temps* that are too long *perdu*, we make our way to the Courtyard, and after a short wait, we are shown to our table in the huge restaurant, *alive* with plants and the unmistakable *aura* of "class." We sit at the intimate table, order glasses of white wine, and subtly eyeball the patrons, so close on either side. A famous folksinger, perhaps, with her manager, concerned about the future he's tracing in the lifeline of her palm. A CBC TV producer talking "ratings" *sotto voce*. Here, the "movers and shakers" of Toronto's arts community gather, mingle, and drop the tidbits of gossip we love to share later with our very best of friends. This is a restaurant that makes one want to linger a little while. So we have a sinfully scrumptious dessert: perhaps a *mousse* or a special *bombe*, made with the care we've all come to appreciate.



When we leave, in that delicious lull in the afternoon when the time belongs to no one but us, perhaps we'll want to be refreshed. Worried about our waistlines after the "forbidden fruit" of lunchtime indulgence? Let's "hie away" to my secret retreat. Tucked away off tawdry Yonge Street, with its sleazy hard sell of sex and commerce, 21 McGill nestles like an oasis of sanity in a world gone mad. For women only, the club caters to the whims of those who want more than "just" a health club. It's a retreat. First, we slip into the "sauna." Then a short lie-down in the cunning little Quiet Room, where we can put tea bags on our eyelids (so refreshing, when you're puffy) and catch a quick nap before working out with the curling irons and blow dryers. We'll meet our *beaus* in the lounge, for a "drinkie?"

What shall we show you tonight? The

theatre? The ballet? First, dinner, and in the sheltered and pampered mood we're in, it can only be at one place.

Winston's. A Toronto institution. Named for the great British statesman whose caricature dominates the entrance, it radiates solid, almost perfect "style." It's dark and gleaming, with that added fillip of *art nouveau* flair that one finds so reassuring. Owner Johnny Arena, the reigning monarch of his oak and velvet "bailliwick!" greets us at the door (by name, of course. Johnny knows one), and ushers us in with the kind of old world charm that makes us feel welcome—and special. Everywhere one looks, there's beautiful glass, "Tiffany" lamps, linen napery: a softly radiant, tasteful show. The food? Well, one needn't talk of food when one is having a feast for the soul. The pheasant is good, when it's not too dry. And the veal is delicious, when it doesn't come cold. But, at Winston's, it's the delight of deserving the best, and paying for it.

It's with regret that we must finally pay the bill and leave, but the evening is young, and now it's time for the theatre. No longer a city of pitiful "Little Theatre" productions, Toronto has hit the big time in drama, too. The Royal Alexandra (we call it the Royal Alex, like an old, albeit noble, friend) is a perfect jewel box of a place, lovingly rescued from the wrecker's ball.

The fare is varied, but always top drawer: *Same Time Next Year*, for example (author Bernie Slade is, after all, a Canadian) or *Side by Side by Sondheim*, fresh from Broadway (but with Canadian wit Bernie Braden amusing us all with his droll local references in the monologue). Bravo, bravo!

What? Tired already? Don't be a "silly"! Let's "put a cap" on the evening, with one last *Remy* at the most darling and authentic French restaurant I know. Just the other side of Yorkville (let's drive through to see who's "shooting" in town this week. That's Elliot Gould under the Klieg lights! Who says Toronto's dull?), we'll find *Auberge Gavroche*, and it is *parfait—absolument!* Not downstairs, where leisure-suited couples from suburban Don Mills rubberneck and giggle over the "real French" food. Upstairs, in the tiny *intime* piano bar. White stucco walls hung with antique farm implements and a tiny bar tended by a woman straight out of *Godard*. Such character! Such *panache!* The patrons, over brandy or *Perrier* (*ma foie! ma foie!*) look so ineffably, unspeakably *bored* that one could imagine one's self on the *Rive Gauche*. Ah, *ennui!*

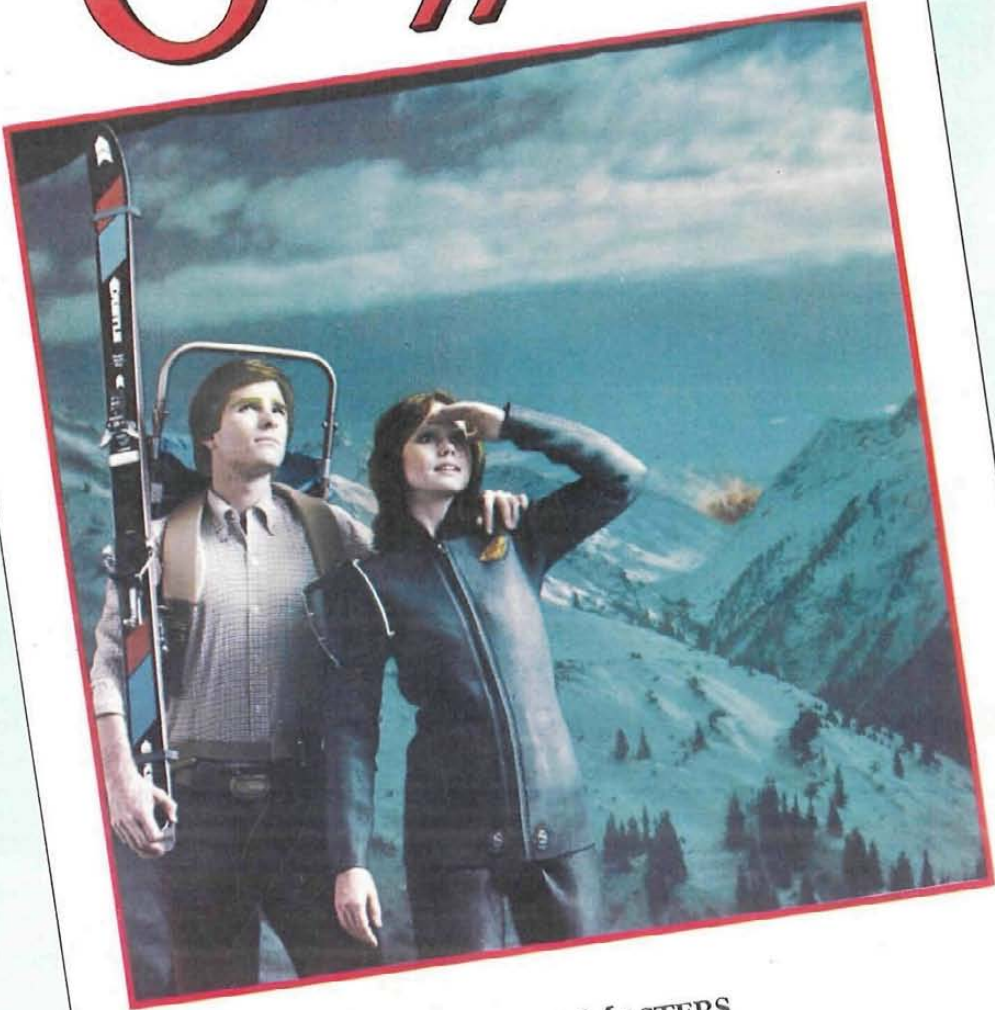
We could go on. We could "boogie" 'til dawn in one of the chic gay discos (charming!) or drop in and check out the youngsters in the "punk rock" emporia. But *ca suffit*. We're brandied into Cheshire cat contentment, and ready to say good night.

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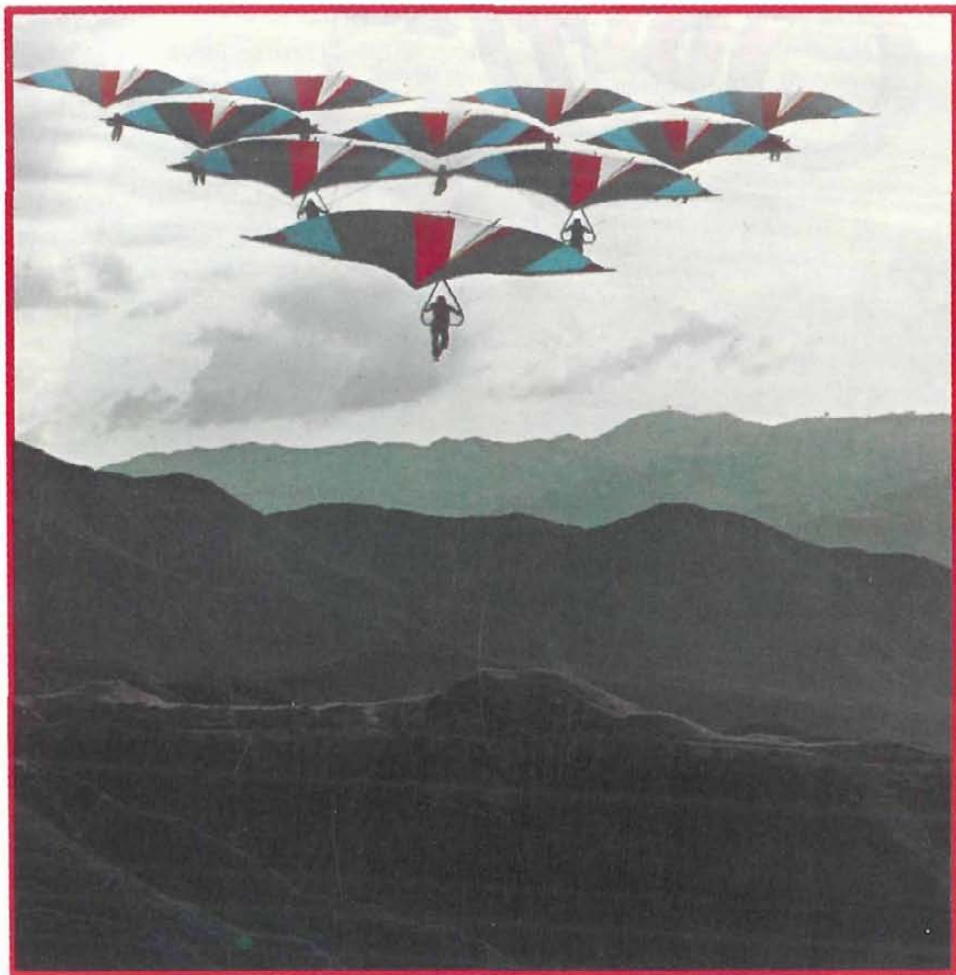
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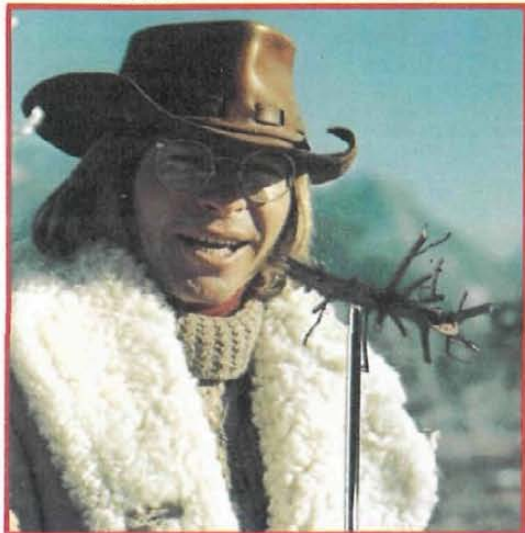
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WE SHALL RULE THE NATURALNESS



TEN NATURALLY ENLIGHTENED MEANS OF GETTING FROM A GULY TO A CLEARING TO A KNOLL AND BACK AGAIN, NATURALLY THE NATURAL DESTINY OF A NATURAL OUTDOOR DESTINATION ARE WE NATURALLY SUPERIOR? BURNING WITH A NATURAL AWARENESS / 1978 OUTDOOR STOVE PREVIEW

Outsside

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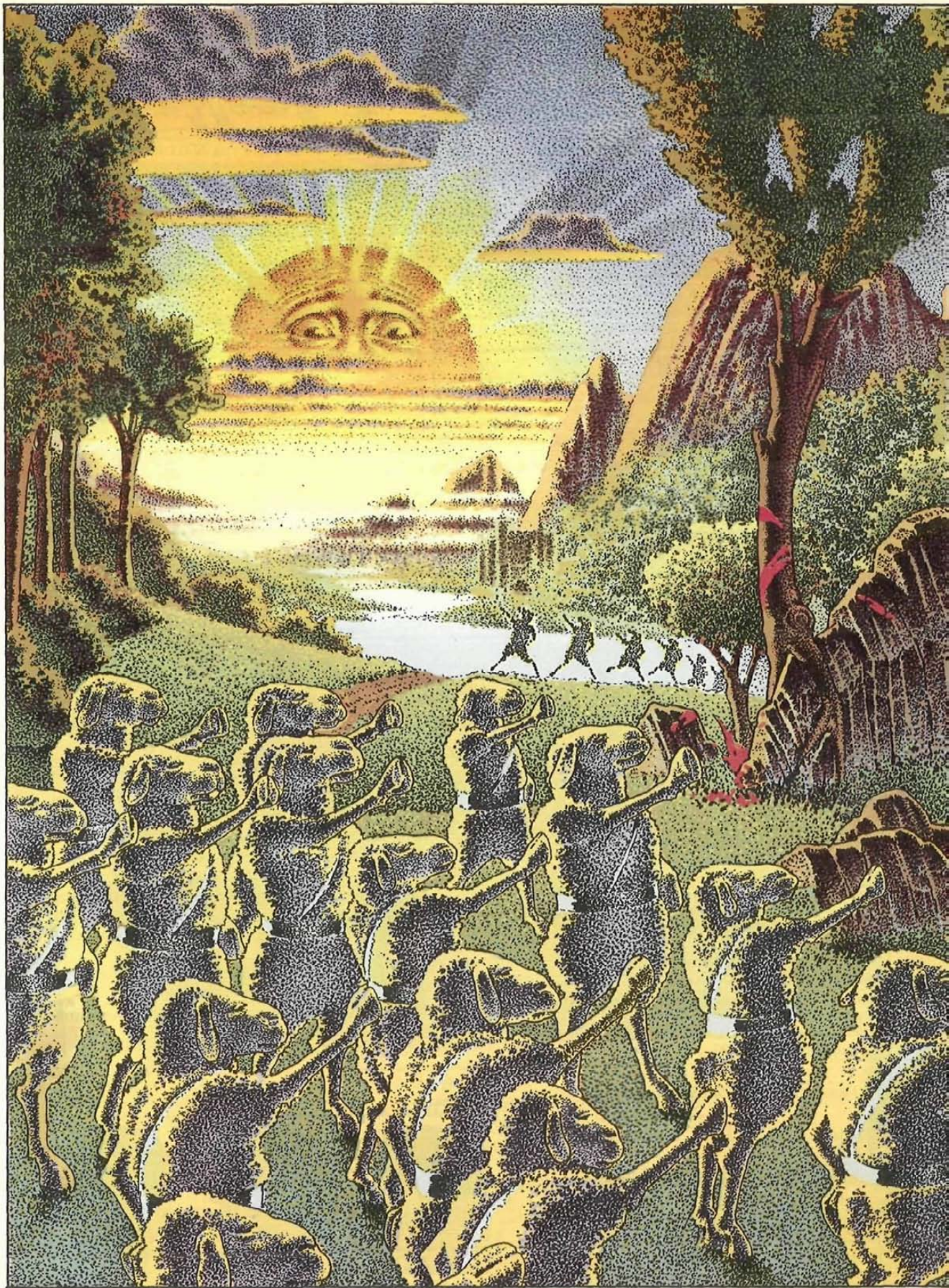
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FUNNY PAGES

W NUTS

REMEMBER THERE WAS THIS STRANGE PERSON WHO'D BEEN SPOTTED AND WONDERED ABOUT BY KIDS WAY BACK WHEN AND THEY'D PASSED ON RUMORS TO OTHER KIDS WHO'D PASSED THEM ON TO YOU?

THEY SAY HE HAS THESE BIG DOGS THAT HE'S TRAINED TO KILL, ONLY NOBODY HAS EVER SEEN THEM!

NO, HE'S CUT OUT THEIR TONGUES!

THAT'S STUPID. ANYHOW, SOMEBODY'D HEAR THEM BARK!

SHIT!

SURE, WHY ELSE DO YOU FIGURE HE HAD THIS BIG FENCE BUILT TO HIDE HIS WHOLE BACKYARD?

YEAH, BUT NOBODY KNOWS HOW MUCH OLDER!

IS IT TRUE HE'S OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD?

WAIT A MINUTE! I HEARD SOMETHING MOVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE DOOR!

OH, MY GOD!

GO AWAY.

DO YOU THINK WE CAN STOP NOW?

NO, LET'S GO ON FOR ANOTHER FEW BLOCKS!

Graham Wilson ©1978

DIRTY DUCK

by BOBBY BOY

MY FATHER WAS A NAZI, MY MOTHER WAS A JEW... THAT'S WHY I STAY AT HOME ALL NIGHT AND SNIFF MY AIRPLANE GLUE

TURN OFF THAT TRASH, WEEVIL!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO DESTROY YOUR MIND... THERE'S SO LITTLE OF IT LEFT!

PUNK ROCK IS NOT "TRASH," MR. DUCK!

IT'S SOCIAL SATIRE FRAUGHT WITH INNER MEANING!

I KNOW BECAUSE I READ IT IN ROLLING STONE!

NOW THAT'S THE MOST INTELLIGENT THING YOU'VE SAID ALL DAY!

I GUESS I'LL LET YOU LISTEN TO THAT STUFF AS LONG AS YOU DON'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY!

A RIDICULOUS NOTION!...

MY SISTER WAS A PINKO, I HAD TO KILL HER, TOO!...

ACH-TUNG!

GET DOWN TO THE BASEMENT, YOU... YOU... PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL, YOU!...

BOO-T!

ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOUR MUSICAL TASTES ARE GOING TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS!

SLAM!

MADE IN AUSCHWITZ

...SO I SAYS, "SCHLOIMM, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU WHOLESALE!"

I GET SUCH NECK PAINS FROM DRAFTS!

GIF ME HA TOWEL!... I WANT HA TOWEL!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE... THIS AIN'T BRIGHTON BEACH BATHS!...

SSSSSSSS

AEEEEE

GASP! GASP!

OY!

SOMETHING'S AMISS...

...THE HOUSE REEKS OF "RAID"!

WHOOPEE!

WOW!

AHEH!!

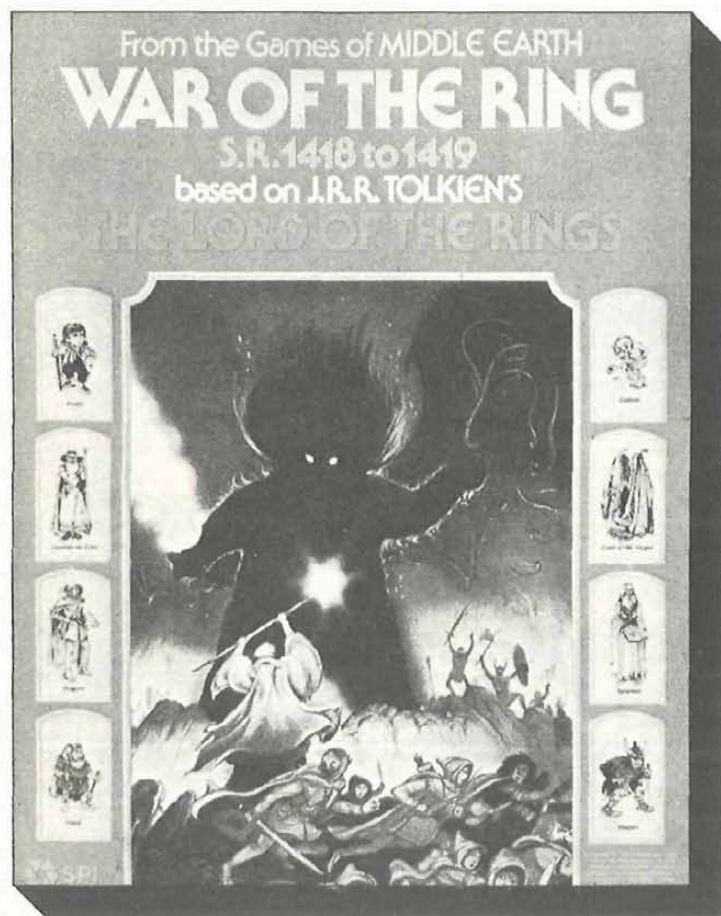
YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT CAN BE RENABILITATED...

...JUST GIVE HIM FIVE YEARS IN LOMPOC AND A STACK OF JOHN DENVER ALBUMS!

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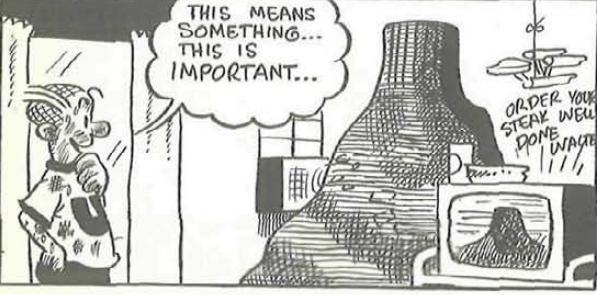
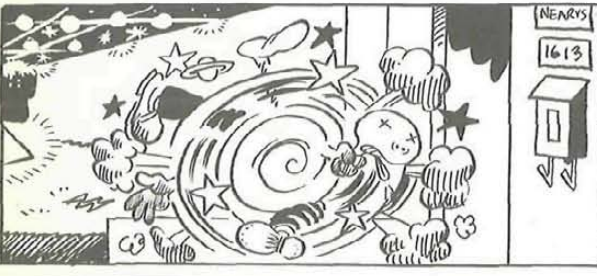
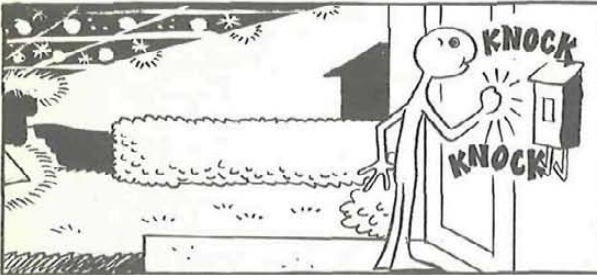
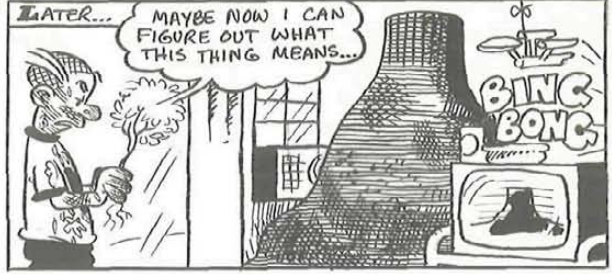
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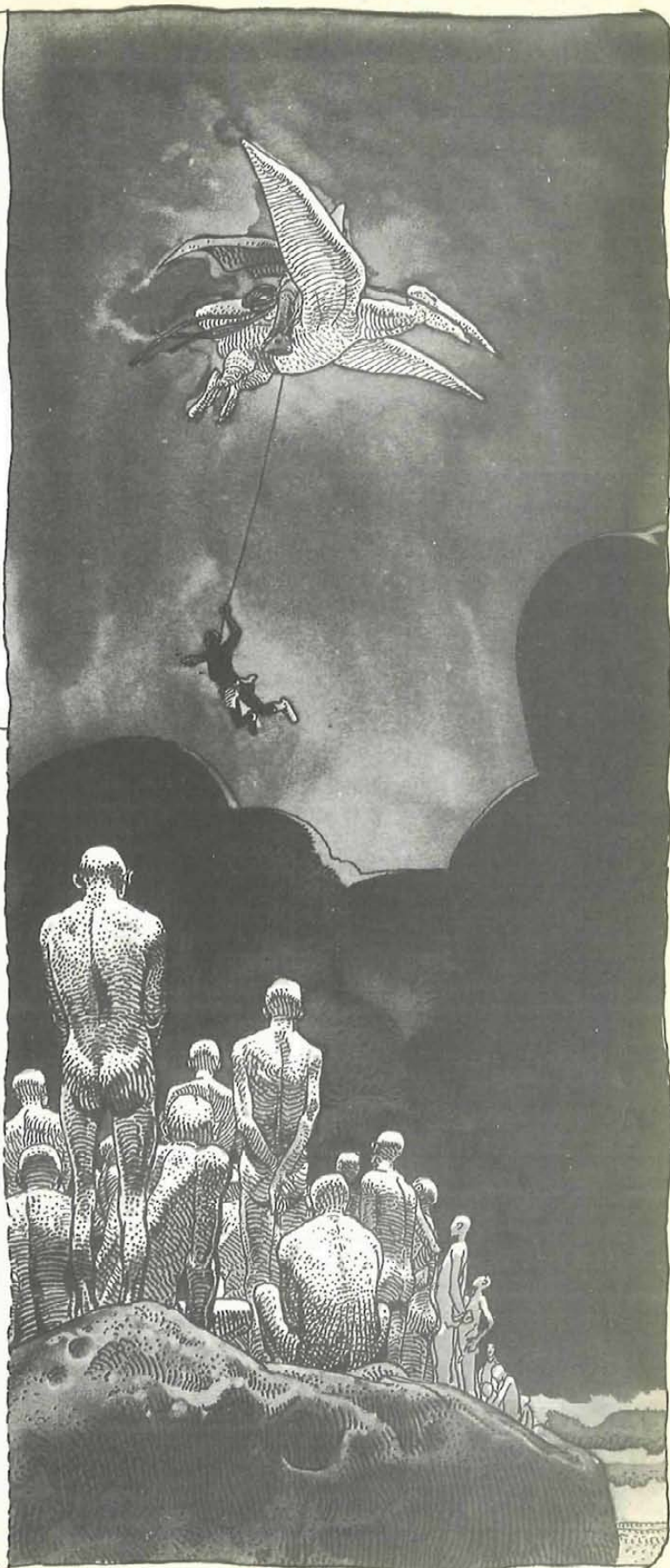
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PASSERBY HEARS THE RIP
AND SUMMONS AN AMBULANCE.



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WELL, BOYS, IT
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AND GO, BUT
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE JUST
FINE!



HEY, DOC!
YOU GOT US
SEWED UP
UPSIDE
DOWN!

WE HAD TO!
THE TISSUE
WAS DAMAGED.
THERE WAS NO
ALTERNATIVE.



BOYS, THIS IS
BLANCHE, OUR
PHYSICAL
THERAPIST...

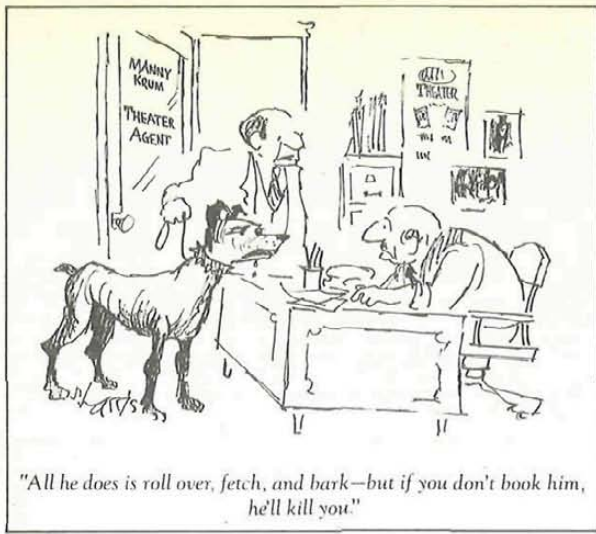


OKAY, LET'S GO! WHICH
ONE OF YOU IS GONNA
WALK ON HIS HANDS?

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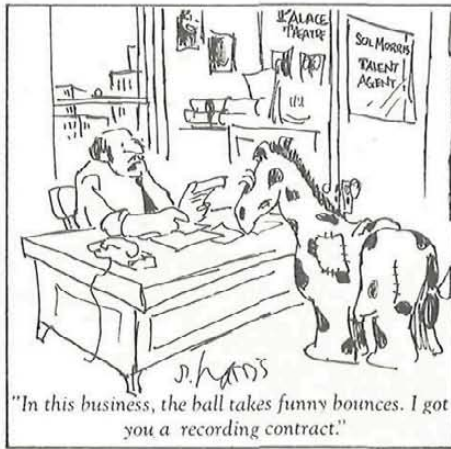


rodri-guez - continued



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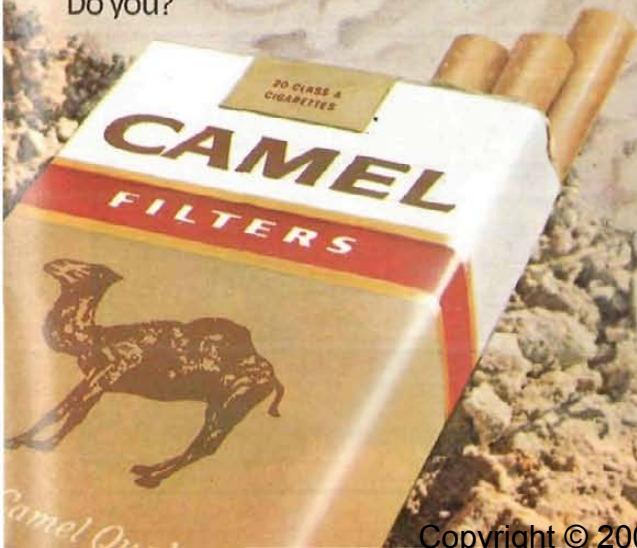
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THE REAL ADOLF HITLER

continued from page 44

of the Fuehrer, he developed into an extremely emotional, unpredictable type, a man with mercurial changes of mood—intense changes that triggered a transformation of his identity. Many times, when the Fuehrer had a period of fear and self-doubt or weakness of the will, he would change back to his real self, Adolf Hitler of Zwern. Sometimes the transformation was so intense that it would last long enough for him to slip back to Zwern to see his beloved Kitzzi. The Fuehrer's associates were astounded and mystified by his sudden changes into an absent-minded, donnish professor, over six feet tall, with blond hair and blue eyes, who sang odd tunes to the words of the *Summa Theologica*. Most of the metamorphoses took place in private rather than in public appearances. The Fuehrer would retain his identity in large groups, but was susceptible to the transformation in the seclusion of his home or in small gatherings.

Dr. Goebbels, one of the Fuehrer's closest friends, recalled the first time he saw a transformation: "I remember the first time the Fuehrer went into one of his strange moods. I called it a mood, but it was much more than that. It was when he became another person. Or something like that. It was on February 27, 1933. The Fuehrer and I were having dinner at my home with my wife and children. He was then our chancellor, of course. After dinner he was in a very melancholy mood. He sighed and broke wind a lot and cried out that our task was too difficult—that our strong arm tactics were horrifying—that the Social Democrats, the Center Party, and especially the Communists were too much for us. I turned away for a moment to get him a small schnapps, a pick-me-up for his sorrowful spirits, and when I turned back he was gone—disappeared. Out of sight! In his place was a completely different person—much taller, thinner, and blond-haired. He was wearing a rumpled suit of tweed. The Fuehrer was allergic to tweed. It made him choke. 'Where is the Fuehrer?' I cried. 'Who are you and what have you done with the Fuehrer?' The man blinked, and looked at me as if I were a creature from another world, a Jew. 'Fuehrer? What is a Fuehrer?' he asked. I was about to call the Gestapo to arrest this oafish intruder when the phone rang. It was Putzi Hanfstaengel

shouting that that Reichstag was on fire. I screamed incredulously. The Reichstag on fire? You must be joking! Then I turned back to the intruder and I couldn't believe my eyes. He was gone! In the second that I cried out that the Reichstag was on fire, the Fuehrer suddenly materialized as if nothing had happened. He screamed and shouted with glee. 'The Communists did it,' he said. 'Now we can arrest and execute them all!' I was so swept away by the news that I forgot about the strange transformation. Later I blamed it on the lingonberry brandy I was drinking that night."⁸

The incident in Goebbels's apartment was to be repeated many times. In moments of great stress, the Fuehrer would give an order, or make an important decision, and then suddenly transform: his mind would wander and his body would disappear, to be replaced by his true self. Over and over again this happened, from his earliest days as dictator of Nazi Germany. First the Fuehrer would decide to invade Austria. Then, a few moments later, having been transformed into Adolf Hitler of Zwern, the kindly don, he would feel deeply shocked and suffer great pangs of guilt and remorse. But

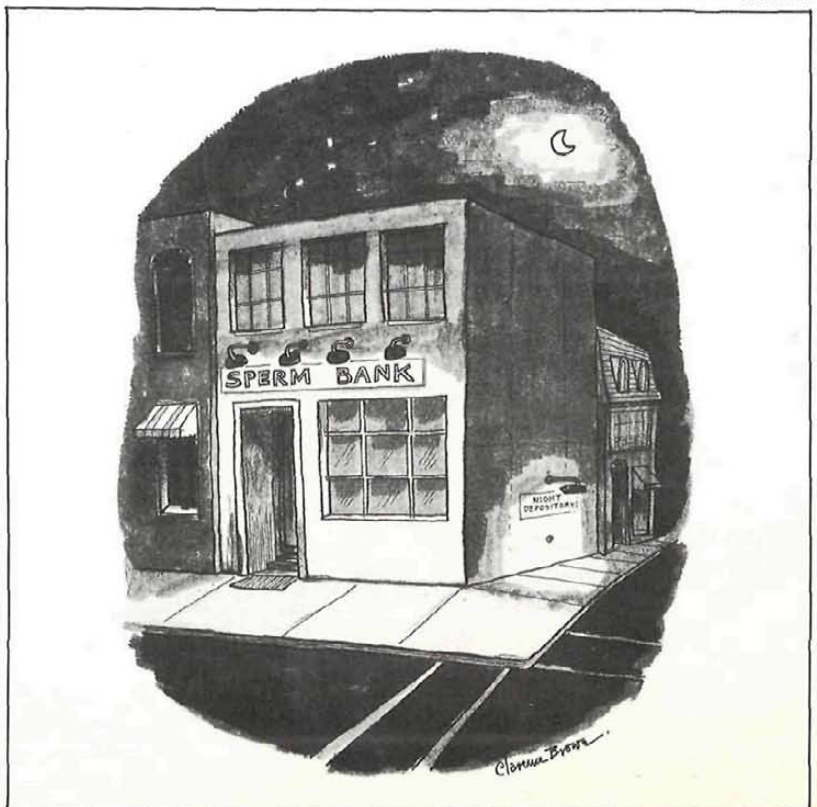
⁸Josef Goebbels, *Complete Diaries*. Stuttgart, 1954.

almost always, it would be too late to rescind the order because of the incredible efficiency of the German war machine. Once a decision was put into action, the Germans blindly obeyed, even though they, too, were deeply shocked by the orders they had to carry out.

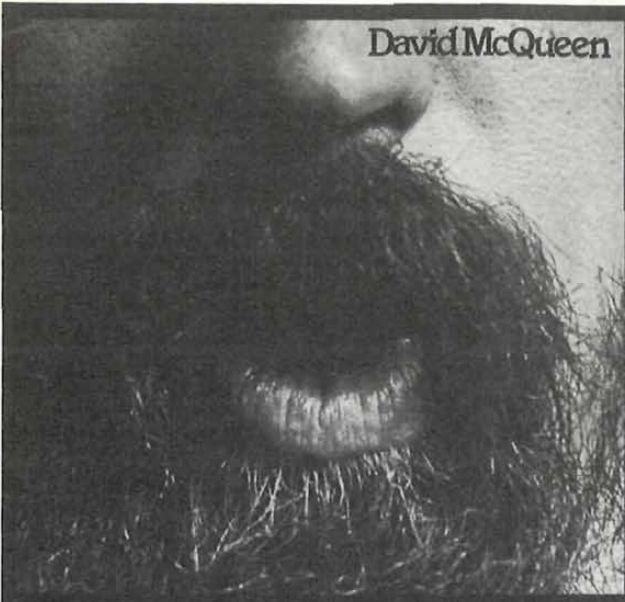
And so, this Jekyll-Hyde changed his identities constantly as he was drawn unwillingly into becoming the man of destiny for Germany. The rape of Austria was followed by the taking over of Czechoslovakia, the invasion of Poland, the conquest of Denmark and Norway, and the surrender of France. Each time the Fuehrer put one of his irrevocable orders in motion, he reverted back to his true self, and had the gravest feelings of doubt, melancholy, and remorse. The most horrible deed that he instigated and then immediately condemned was the extermination of the Jews. Again, the intricate apparatus of the Nazi regime was too responsive, too eager to carry out the orders of its tormented leader's evil half. Before he could say *nein, nein*, the Eichmann types were doing their jobs all too well.

New evidence recently released from German government archives indicates that some of the Fuehrer's closest aides, such as Goering, Him-

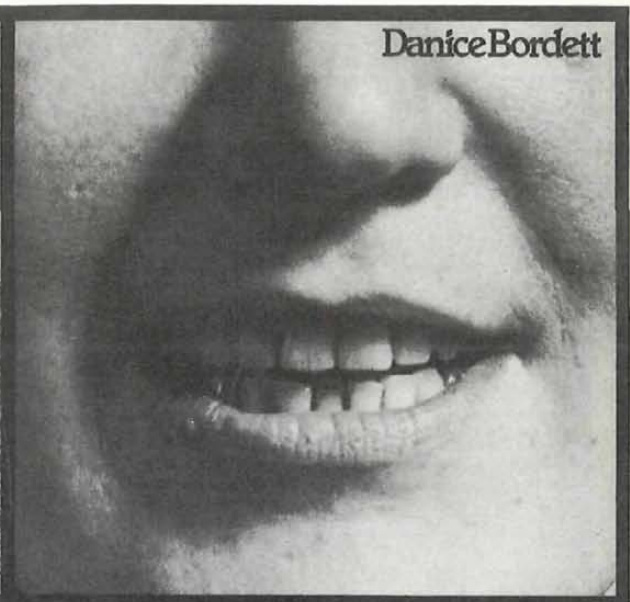
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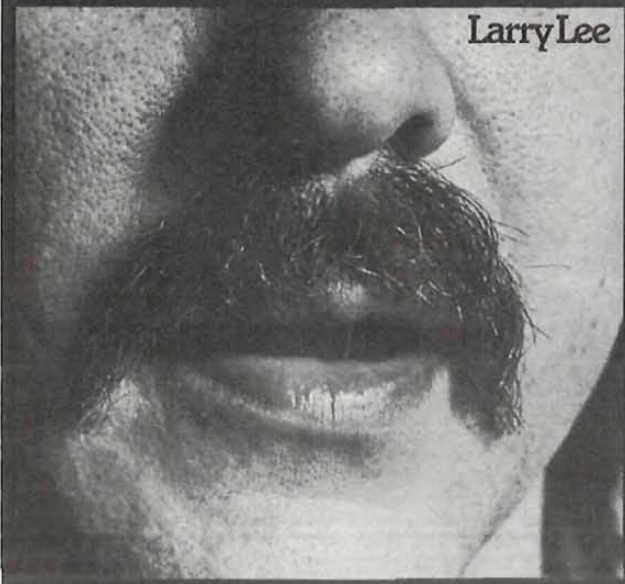
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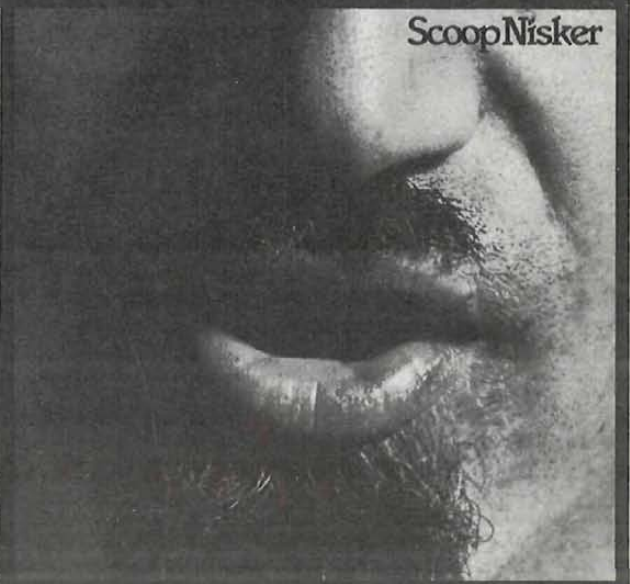
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THE REAL ADOLF HITLER

mler, Heydrich, and Bormann, could have been suffering from the same split personality syndrome, the same Jekyll-Hyde complex, *except that they had it in reverse*. When the Fuehrer issued his horrible orders, they would act shocked and dismayed. When the Fuehrer was transformed into his true self, they, in turn, were transformed into wild beasts, carrying out the horrible orders with frightening efficiency and fanatical zeal. The mind boggles and reels at the thought of what would have happened if the evil Hyde parts of these personalities were working together at the same time. The holocaust would have stretched around the globe.

Perhaps it would have been a different world if medical science had known how to treat Adolf Hitler's strange illness. Europe would have been spared, the phrase "concentration camp" would never have existed, and millions of people would still be alive today. We cannot theorize about such matters, but we can, in the light of today's knowledge of schizophrenia and psychosis, understand and diagnose the problem of Adolf Hitler. With this new insight into his plight, we can surely absolve him of direct blame for the crimes perpetrated by his regime. Indeed, no individual should be blamed. They were committed by men who were not fully aware of what they were doing, making truly human errors and then seeing them compounded by a massive, machine-like bureaucracy.

And what about Kitzki all these years? At first, she didn't mind her husband's long absences. He was a traveling salesman, and they were an essential part of the business. We must also remember that people were far more trusting in those days. Marriages were permanent and made in heaven, and love was eternal. And so Kitzki would busy herself with her hobbies while Adolf was supposedly cracking the highly receptive German market with his new line of philosophers. She liked to raise elephants, and would often ride one into the town square to do her shopping.

When Adolf did return home, he often acted strangely, as if he were atoning for some great sin. Kitzki would let him ride one of the smaller elephants, which would usually cheer him up. But in the late thirties, coinciding with the Fuehrer's rise to power, Adolf's visits to Kitzki became

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THE REAL ADOLF HITLER

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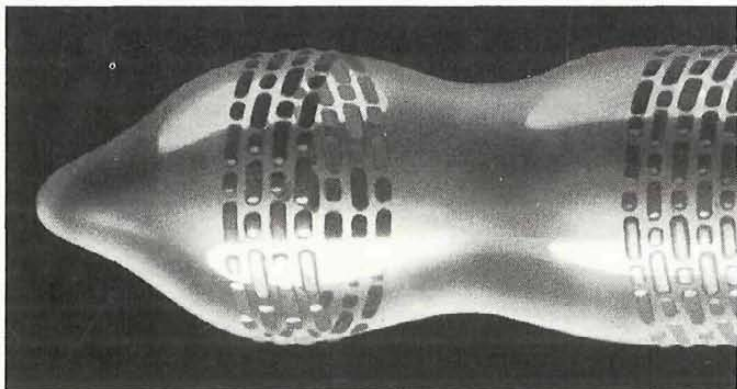
less frequent. Finally she could stand it no longer. She suspected foul play. One day in 1941, when Hitler wandered in, Kitzi began questioning him about his work, about his territories, and about which philosophers were selling well. Hitler was evasive and wouldn't answer her directly. Then she confronted him with an astounding fact she learned the day before. The Adler Philosophik Company had gone out of business in 1919. Hitler offered a lame excuse. He was selling on his own. Kitzi wanted to believe him, but couldn't. "And what are you doing with that odd dark-haired moustache?" she asked. This time Hitler had no answer. He looked in the mirror and sure enough, the familiar little moustache of the Fuehrer was still on his face. Somehow, in his transformation, the moustache hadn't disappeared. Hitler had no explanation. He left for Germany the same day.

This time Kitzi would not sit at home and wait for her husband. She decided to go to Germany and find him. When she arrived in Berlin, she was overwhelmed. All her life she had lived in a provincial mountain village in neutral Switzerland. She never read newspapers or listened to the radio, and so she had never heard of the Nazis and their overrunning of Europe.

She went to the most likely places to find her husband—public libraries, museums, tobacco shops, wine merchants. She said she was looking for her husband, a certain Adolf Hitler. The response to her queries was usually uncontrollable laughter, followed by mock seriousness, with directions on how to get to Berchtesgaden. Kitzi couldn't understand why people were laughing at her, but resolved to get to Berchtesgaden, if that was where her husband was.

Despite her naivete and inexperience, Kitzi had one great asset: she was a beautiful transvestite, and her particular type—tall, shapely, blond, with smooth skin and impeccable makeup—was the most prized sex object in Nazi Germany. Battle-hardened storm troopers, crusty old Prussian officers, vicious, scheming party functionaries—all these and many more wilted and trembled before this dazzling creature. And somehow, Kitzi managed to find her way into Berchtesgaden, Hitler's private mountain lair.

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The historic meeting of Kitzi and the Fuehrer was a great disappointment for one, a momentous occasion for the other. For Kitzi it was a terrible letdown. The little man she saw was not her husband. For the Fuehrer, it was love at first sight. He humored her about her nonexistent "husband," and promised to move heaven and earth to find him. Meanwhile he turned on all his charm and cajolery and persuaded Kitzi to stay at his luxurious villa while the search for "Adolf Hitler" continued.

At first, Kitzi was indifferent to the Fuehrer's lavish attention. But he made it difficult to resist. She soon became the court favorite—a spoiled child, a notorious flirt, and a highly skilled practitioner in the transvestite arts of sensuality. She learned ribald songs and performed mimicry and mime. The Fuehrer even had her elephants sent over.

When he was in a playful mood, the Fuehrer liked to keep Kitzi under the table during a meeting of the General Staff. In the middle of a complex explanation of military strategy he would instruct her to "wander about" and do her specialty on some of the more staid, dignified types, such as Admiral Doenitz or Field Marshall Jodl. Even Himmler was not immune to Kitzi's talents, and the Fuehrer loved to watch the stonefaced S.S. leader drool uncontrollably as his *pince-nez* invariably fell into his glass of mineral water.

Kitzi replaced the famous Eva Braun as the Fuehrer's mistress. Eva had been his secret companion for many years, stashed away in the villa, where she spent endless days reading cheap novels, watching trashy films, and hardening her fingernails. As Kitzi's fortunes rose, Eva Braun's fell. Eva was now totally ignored by the moody, impulsive dictator, and she was put in charge of catering office parties for minor functionaries. She despised Kitzi, and did everything she could to make her miserable at Berchtesgaden—frenching her bed, putting frogs in her vanity table drawers, and finally, trying to poison the elephants. Soon Eva and Kitzi had the Fuehrer's entourage divided into two warring camps, constantly squabbling and bickering.

Slowly but surely, Kitzi got the upper hand. By consorting with the Fuehrer and his staff, she absorbed a fair knowledge of military strategy and tactics, and was soon

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THE REAL ADOLF HITLER

continued

acting as a secret adviser to the group. Her under-the-table activities came to the surface, and the General Staff soon became her willing slaves.

Many of the German war decisions that failed were due to Kitzi's strange whims. She wanted to ride her elephants in the Russian snows, so she ordered the invasion of that vast, impenetrable country. She hated cowardice and ordered Rommel to stay in North Africa and fight to the finish. She hated France and did not want to hear intelligence reports about an impending Allied landing in Normandy. Eventually, she ran the war on the telephone from Berchtesgaden, and had all the food delivered from a delicatessen in a Bavarian village below. Eva Braun and her gang of wives and mistresses, the anti-Kitzi group, fled to a new set of quarters behind the mountain lair, took to patrolling their area with machine guns and rifles, and would kill a Kitzi supporter on the spot.

One day, when the Fuehrer happened to be in the form of Adolf Hitler of Zwern, he wandered away from Kitzi and stumbled into the hideway of Eva Braun. Eva took one look at him and fell madly in love. He was a vision—a blond god, the true personification of Aryan beauty, though a bit rumpled and tweedy. The real Adolf Hitler responded warmly to Eva's unashamed advances. After all, the country was in a state of war and no one knew whether he would be alive or dead the next day. And it was the first time he had ever seen a real naked woman. Eva never knew he had a dual personality. Somehow, his transformations were kept separate. She thought he was a traveling philosophy salesman who was lost in the mountains.

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In the spring of 1945, Kitzi decided that she wanted to go to Berlin to enjoy the operetta season and sit in the outdoor cafes. She was getting bored and frustrated in the secluded mountain lair of Berchtesgaden, and was also terribly anxious to do some clothes shopping. It took a lot of cajoling and temper tantrums and transvestite wives to persuade the Fuehrer to go to Berlin at this time, because the Allies were getting dangerously close. But Kitzi finally had her way, and the entourage moved into the Fuehrer's town house.

Berlin was still a sin city, trying desperately to look the other way, even as the Allied bombs were devastating her from all sides. The Fuehrer was soon caught up in the city's dizzy social and sexual whirl, with the beautiful Kitzi at his side. One evening, after ingesting a strange drug from South America, he turned to Kitzi and asked about his old mistress, Eva Braun. He spoke of her with affection and even with undisguised lust, and asked Kitzi to arrange a double date, with Eva bringing a boyfriend. Kitzi could not dissuade him, and had to arrange a meeting with Eva, who was still lodged at Berchtesgaden. Eva agreed to the date and promised to bring her "new friend." When she arrived at the appointed hour alone, Kitzi inquired as to the whereabouts of the friend, taunting Eva, accusing her of not being pretty enough to have an escort. At this point, an eyewitness to the scene arrived, a certain Kurt Roemgart, who was delivering sandwiches and coffee to the Fuehrer.

"I walked into a big, comfortable room with many divans and soft pillows. Two women were arguing vehemently. The one called Eva, who was obviously the Fuehrer's old mistress, was saying that her boyfriend was late and would arrive soon. The other woman, who was called Kitzi, did not believe her, and said she was a lying, ugly hag. Eva then described her boyfriend's features and habits in the minutest detail, including many racy asides. Suddenly the Fuehrer, who seemed to be amused by the fight, was

simply not there, and the man that Eva was describing appeared in his place. It was amazing. The Fuehrer was gone, and a big, tall man with blond hair was there instead. Eva cried in delight. This man was her boyfriend, her lover, her blond god. Kitzi cried out and ran to him as well, calling him her beloved husband. The man they both called Adolf was being torn and sexually ravaged by the two. I was both horrified and fascinated, hoping against hope that they would ask me to be the 'fourth for bridge,' as they say in Berlin. But they were too preoccupied. Meanwhile, I could hear the Allied bombs getting closer and closer, as well as the Russian cannons. I interrupted and warned them of the impending take-over of the city. I had to flee. But before I left, I witnessed a sexual act among the three parties that was so perverse and bizarre that I still cannot bring myself to write about it."⁹

Eva Braun, Kitzi Von Spittsbard, and Adolf Hitler were never seen again. Perhaps they escaped the Allied bombing. Perhaps they were killed, and their bodies never recovered. It would be fitting if this tormented man, this dual personality, was finally freed, and the two opposing parts of his body and soul were united, with the help of the warring Eva and Kitzi, in that final act of sexual perversity that we will never know about. God rest them all. □

⁹Kurt Roemgart, *I Was Hitler's Delivery Boy*. Hamburg, 1975.



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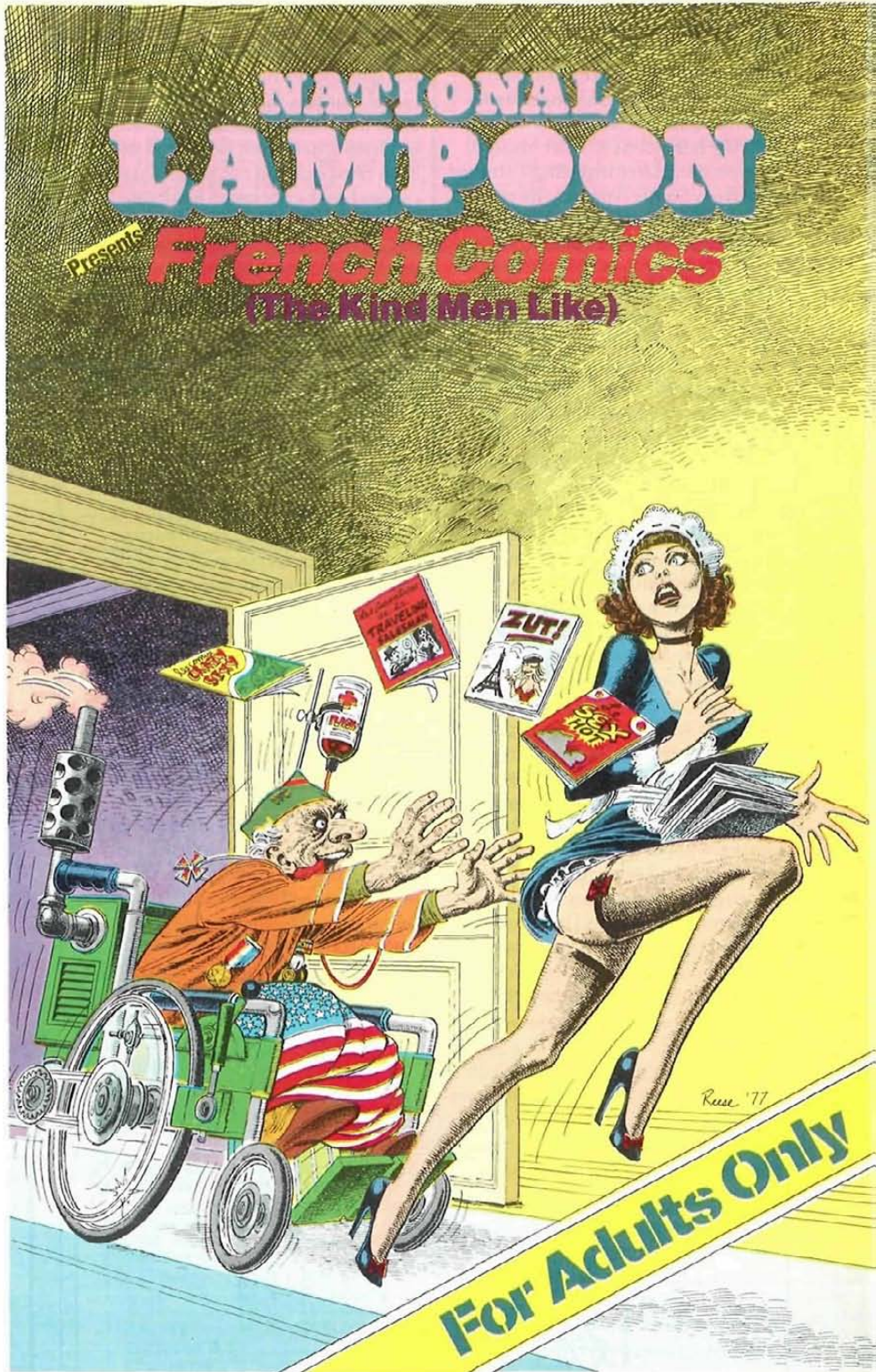
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Frog Yoks

We all know that throughout history, the French have given the world so much to laugh about: Rabelais, Voltaire, The Maginot Line, Vietnam, The Citroen, Catherine Deneuve. But did you know about French comics?

The editors of the *National Lampoon*, some of whom know people who actually speak French, sort of, have ransacked hundreds of French books and magazines to select this anthology of French comics, and translated them into what passes for English around here.

Our standards were high. We were looking for satire, sex, wit, sex, whimsy, sex, and some gratuitous violence to present to you, our loyal readers, *French Comics (The Kind Men Like)*. If you like French jeans, French letters, French fries, you'll like *French Comics*. Order your copy today, and keep NATO strong.



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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● A report prepared for the East New Britain provincial government has recommended that prostitution be legalized to cut unemployment.

The prostitutes would probably have more control over their lives than ordinary women, who are little more than marketable commodities in the province. Daughters are sometimes sold for as much as \$6,460.

Nevertheless, the Melanesian Council of Churches has opposed the recommendation, saying, "It is deplorable that the provincial government can think of nothing more wholesome for its rejected youngsters than selling their bodies." *Toronto Star* (Contributor unknown)

● A judge in Sri Lanka's Supreme Court was hearing an appeal when a cat strayed into the courtroom and sat purring in a corner. The judge, disturbed by the noise, requested a bench warrant for the immediate arrest of the animal. An attendant rushed in with a length of rope and a bag to make the arrest, but the cat, chased from the courtroom by a policeman, escaped. *Reuter News Service* (Alison Gordon)

● Donald Finnan, bruised and half-naked, knocked at the door of a Roman Catholic rectory late at night and asked for help, explaining that he had been robbed and beaten.

"We gave him a pair of pants," said the Reverend Peter Rogers, "and then he went outside and collapsed on our lawn."

After Finnan was taken to a hospital, he told a doctor that he had robbed a bank earlier in the day and was enjoying the company of a prostitute when two men took his pants

and the \$2,700 in bank loot. Finnan was later identified as the bank robber. *UPI* (Alison Gordon)

● In Lakewood, California, a man jogged into the office of the Public Finance Company, pulled a gun, and demanded money from the employees. He took \$800 in cash and left the office, still jogging. *Toronto Star* (Contributor unknown)

● When two Israeli game inspectors attempted to arrest a Bedouin tribesman for illegally

catching Sinai lobsters, the poacher, Id Rizik, threatened the officers with a dagger and fled to the hills. He was later apprehended and fined three camels by the tribal court—two young ones for poaching the lobsters and one for drawing his dagger. The court also ordered him to swear that he would never repeat the offense at the risk of paying six camels, in addition to a possible jail sentence. *UPI* (Alison Gordon)

● Charles Carimer was walking across a department store

parking lot when a strange man approached him.

"Hi, I'm your friendly neighborhood mugger," the man said, gesturing with what appeared to be a gun in his pocket.

"I hope you think I'm serious," he continued, "I'd hate to have to shoot you."

Carimer gave him five dollars, and the cheerful mugger continued on his way. *UPI* (Alison Gordon)

● United Mine Workers trustees released a statement saying that medicine men will not be included as providers of health care eligible for union benefit payments. The decision affects some 750 Navajo coal miners, who had carefully drawn out a list of coverage limits for the medicine man's services.

"There are in the neighborhood of twenty-five to thirty ceremonies," said UMW representative Tom Shirley, "and the fee ranges from \$20 on up to \$700."

The union was careful to add that the decision does not reflect on the type of care provided. *Globe and Mail* (Contributor unknown)

● A near-naked man and his woman companion were trapped in a tiny sports car when the man was suddenly immobilized by a slipped disc, pinning his lover beneath him. The desperate woman tried to summon help by honking the horn with her foot. A doctor-ambulance man, firemen, and a group of interested passers-by quickly surrounded the couple's car. After being helped out of the car and into a coat, the distraught woman sobbed, "How am I going to explain to my husband what has happened to his car?" *Globe & Mail* (Alison Gordon)

LIVES OF THE GREAT

THIS MONTH:
CHRISTIAAN BARNARD (1922-)
SOUTH AFRICAN HEART TRANSPLANT
SPECIALIST

USING A TECHNIQUE HE DEVELOPED, DR. BARNARD IMPLANTED A BABOON HEART IN A PATIENT THIS PAST FEBRUARY. THE PATIENT LIVED "FOR A FEW HOURS."

DR. BARNARD AND HIS BROTHER, ALSO A SURGEON, HAVE MADE A PACT TO "HELP EACH OTHER DIE" IN THE EVENT THAT EITHER OF THEM IS STRUCK BY AN INCAPACITATING ILLNESS.

IN 1972, BARNARD AND HIS WIFE WERE STRUCK BY A PICKUP TRUCK WHILE STANDING IN A CAPE TOWN STREET. THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER WAS WIDELY RUMOURED TO HAVE BEEN AN IRATE PATIENT OF HIS.

DR. PHILIP BLAIBERS, AN EARLY SUCCESS AND STAR PATIENT OF BARNARD'S, REVEALED THAT HIS LIFE AFTER THE OPERATION WAS "A LIVING HELL," BUT THAT THE DOCTOR HAD SOLICITED HIS HELP IN COVERING UP THIS FACT.

THE DOCTOR, KNOWN TO MANY AS THE FRANKENSTEIN OF CAPE TOWN, MAINTAINS THAT IT IS A GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY, AND NOT THE HIGH MORTALITY RATE AMONG HIS PATIENTS, THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CURRENT LULL IN HIS PRACTICE.

T

Bullshit

"Today, swinging has come of age. It is more open and more assertive, and its members are more interested in getting to know each other as complete human beings. These developments have signaled the emergence of a new type of swinging, which we call 'growth swinging.'"

—Robert McGinley and Barry Singer, in "Swinging Comes of Age," *Forum*, December, 1977. Readers may be interested in the fact that, as *Forum* notes, "Robert McGinley is president of Wide World of Contemporary People and director of the annual Lifestyles Convention. He and his wife Geri have been involved in swinging for a number of years as directors of a private membership social swinging club in southern California."

'Don't turn off my Mommy's life machine; I want my brother to be born...'

—headline concerning a pregnant woman in a coma. *New York Post*, December 2, 1977.

"In fact, every one of the series' thirteen episodes dutifully conforms to NBC's happy-ending dictate. A class Vietnam veteran who lost a leg in the war manages to complete a seventeen-hour swim meet in a scenario that executive producer Richard Irving concedes was inspired by *Rocky*. And the class jester overcomes his need to please by becoming a crack car salesman."

—Harry F. Waters, "The Way We Weren't," an article concerning NBC's new series, "What Really Happened to the Class of '65?" The article describes how NBC executives insisted that the true stories of a graduating high school class—many of which end in failure, death, misery, and frustration—be reworked for the television series.

R

Spoilers

BOOKS

Dreams Die First by Harold Robbins: The hugely successful publisher of a skin magazine faces ruin when his uncle's multimillion dollar drug operation is linked to the publication.

Paradise Alley by Sylvester Stallone: Kid Salami throws the big fight.

Kramer vs. Kramer by Avery Corman: Ted Kramer, deserted by his wife, deservedly wins custody of their four-year-old son.

MOVIES

The Goodbye Girl: Richard Dreyfuss leaves Marsha Mason and the kid with the promise that he'll return in four weeks.

Semi-Tough: At the last minute, Kris Kristofferson says no to Jill Clayburgh, who runs off with Burt Reynolds. The est leader gets his.

True Masthead

Edited by Ellis Weiner and Danny Abelson
 "Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner
 "Spoilers" by Danny Abelson
 "Facts" by Chuck Bartelt
 "Lives" by Bradley Razook
 Research: Chuck Bartelt
 Art Director: Woody Harding
 Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyons, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard.

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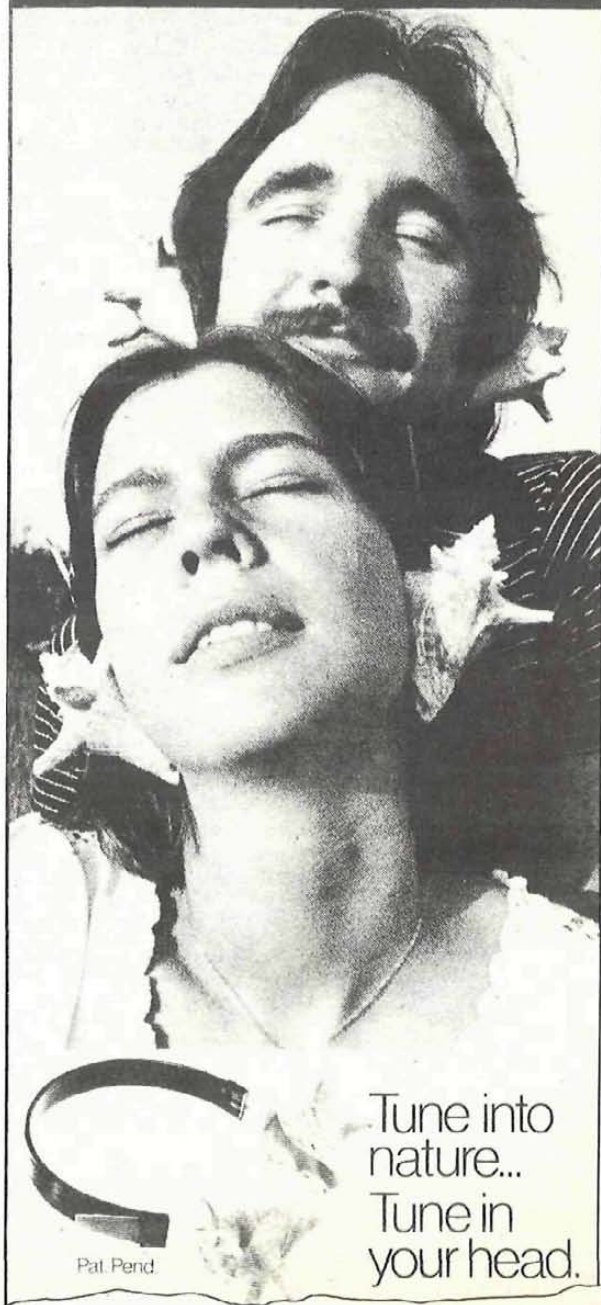
Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

U

Like,
Really
Free
Department
Enterprise

E

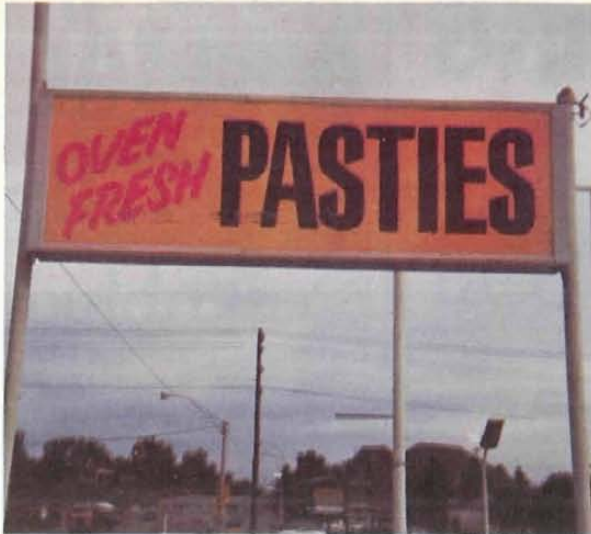
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YOUR LEGAL HIGH



Tune into
nature...
Tune in
your head.

Pat. Pend.

What's Your Sign?



James Norton, Denver, Colorado



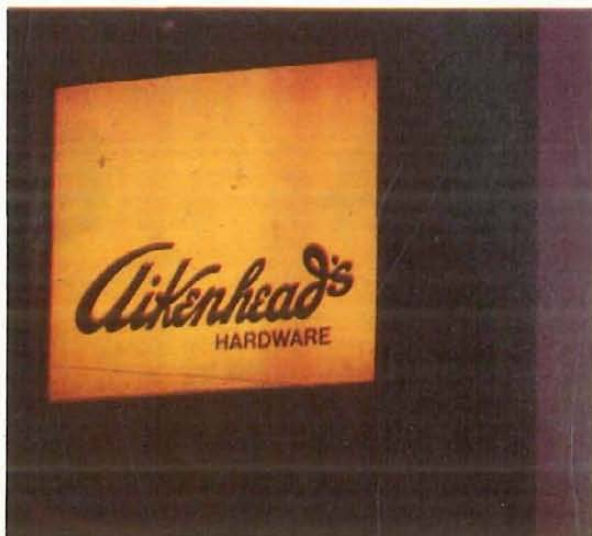
Mike Sherman, Stoughton, Massachusetts



Sandra Surber-Crawford, Lewiston, Idaho



Judy Thoms, Vancouver, B.C., Canada



Cleveland Storrs, New York City

T R U E

Help

WE NEED MORE STUFF FOR THIS SECTION

So if you see anything—anything—that's true and outrageous, clip it out, put it in an envelope, and send it to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Within a few days, a liveried employee of the U.S. Postal Service will deliver cash money (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) to your door. Pictures, ads, bureaucratic bullshit, headlines—anything will do, as long as it's true. We'll pay from ten to twenty-five dollars for every item we run in the True Section. Don't delay. Do it today.

THE EDITORS

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

SUNDAY

NEWSPAPER

PARODY

National Lampoon's

ANIMAL HOUSE

Written by NatLamp writers Doug Kenney, Chris Miller, and Harold Ramis and directed by John Landis (*Kentucky Fried Movie*) has finished production. The Universal picture stars John Belushi, Donald Sutherland, and 163,000 other very funny people. Reporters on the closed set have leaked out these advance reactions: the roast beef was good, the mashed potatoes were cold, and the strawberry shortcake was great!

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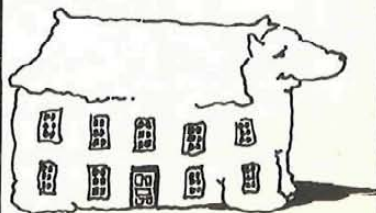


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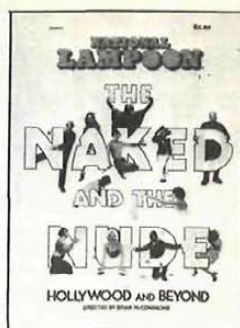
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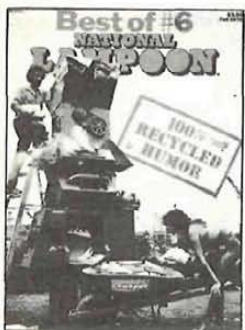
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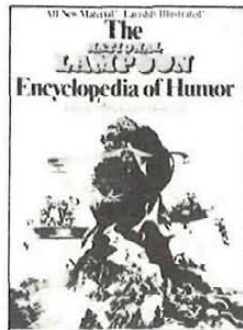
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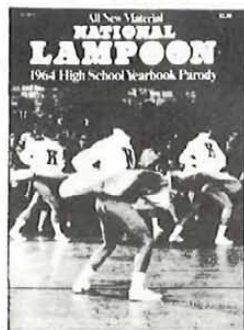
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Back Issues

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Buickmobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Cornie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Armos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and the Zircon as Big as the Tail!

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, The Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Semmonette, and *Old Jingo's Book of Big Ships*.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, *The Coronation of King Dick*, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Snrver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, The Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Robbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death!

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, *Al in de Famboy*, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly, Cheating Kit, Borrow, This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandrill.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunias.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o-God Comics = 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitdove comics, *Vichy Supplement*, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?! With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and K. Biban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al 'Tantrum', O'Neil's Tee-shirt Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Chesebrough.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, Seed Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Bartlett Comics*.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Lampoon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rocketeer Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With *Barbar and His Enemies*, Gone with the Wind '75, Englandland, The 75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Red Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1936 Buick Buggies, The Tunnel Plumber's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Faghag Mag.*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Horror, Mei Brooks Is God, Airport 69, and Gitter Burns.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rocketeer's Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi: *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire Parody*.

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm.

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shrinking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody.

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ART* news parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts.

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Handsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietsname, and the Culture Vultures section.

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kelauber High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Caravan Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

SEPTEMBER, 1976/ THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, *Western Romance Part Three*, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammer!

OCTOBER, 1976/ THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy Fixed? The complete story of the lowville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Crazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Jurk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast.

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Toots, T.V. magazine, Monday Night Soccer, PBS Concordance, and Dinah's Dumpster.

MAY, 1977/GAY ISH: With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Fronts—An Oral History*, a report on Navajomios, Goddam Faggots! by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody.

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, webbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*? Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kickz*.

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP! With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything.

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey*, *Moptop Favevare Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Pista Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Neodrees in New York.

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.

JANUARY, 1978/ THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Celts, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.

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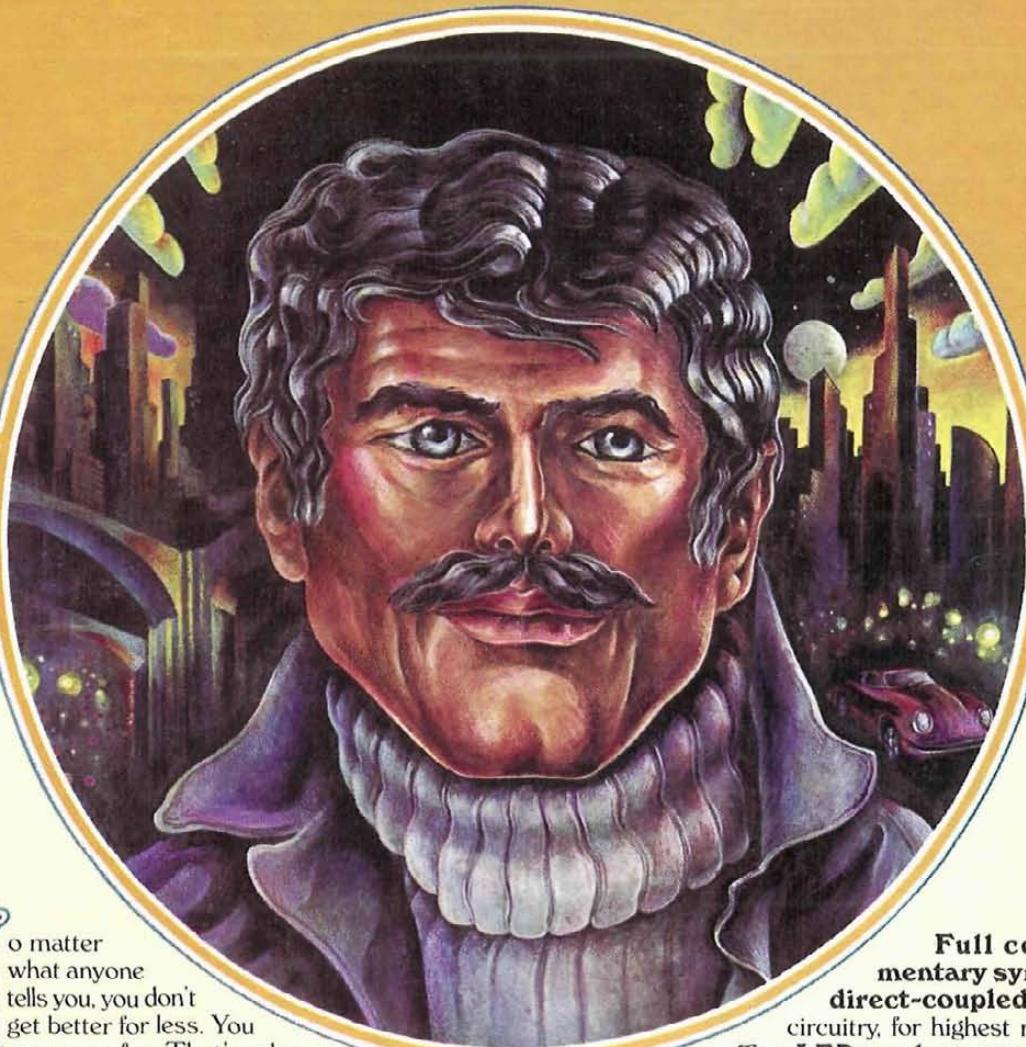
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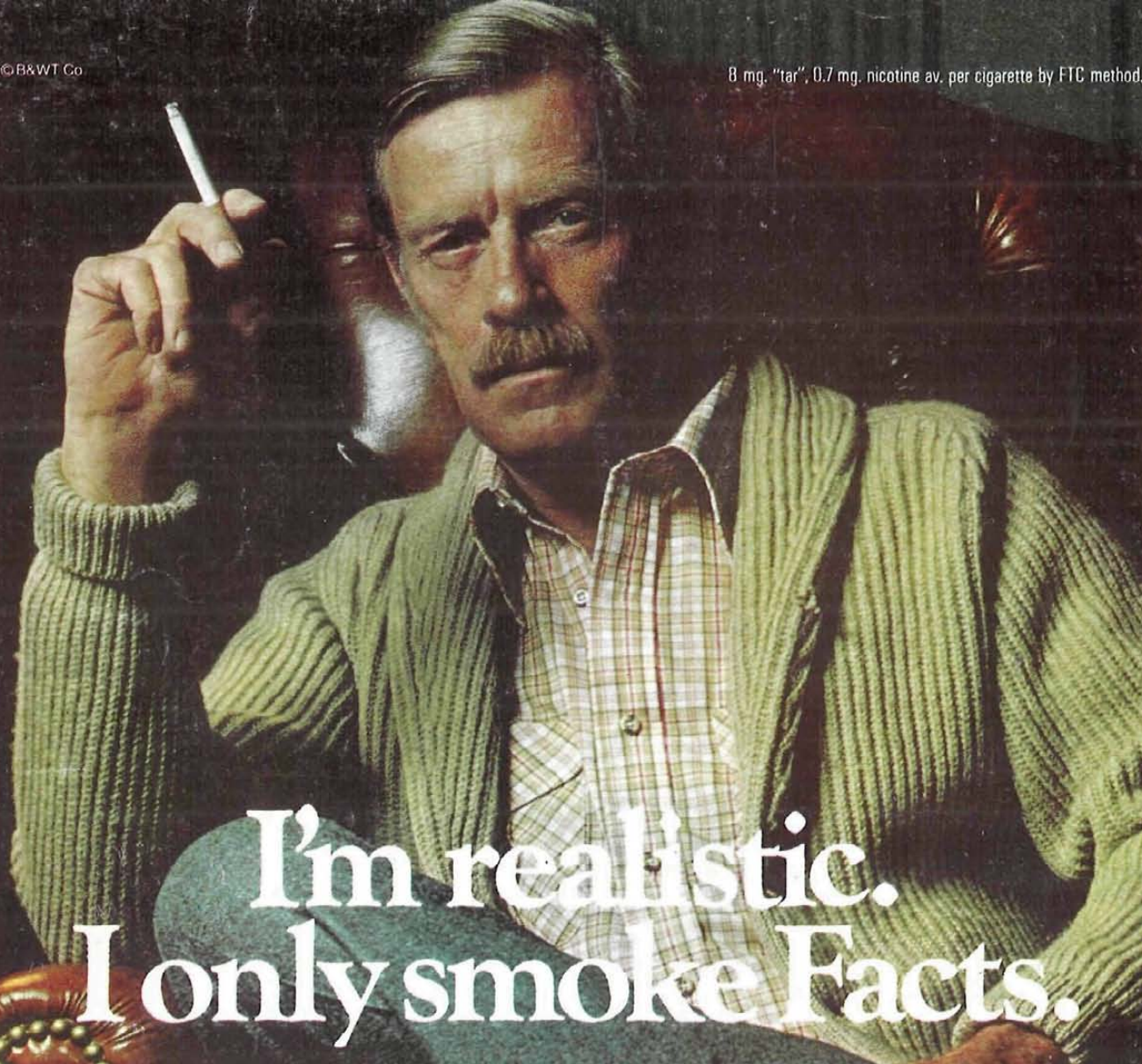
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